



-AN OLD
RABY
HUNT CLUB
ALBUM-

BY

George Algmon Folger



EDITION DE LUXE.

ONLY 100 COPIES PUB-

LISHED IN THIS STYLE, OF WHICH THIS
IS No 21 C. F. Hunter Esq

INTRODUCTORY.

MY first drawing for this Album—that of Mr “Jed” Backhouse, who kindly suggested the undertaking—was made at Uplands on the 28th May 1898, to be succeeded on the 10th June by the sketch of T. B. Champion at Aske kennels; so that, as the last of the drawings and the remainder of the letterpress were dispatched to the printers at the beginning of May this year, the whole work has been accomplished under twelve months, including thirty other sketch-portraits (five for *Vanity Fair*) of a similar nature, and a dozen large portraits in black and white of hunters and ponies, as well as a few odd landscapes.

All the O. R. H. C. portraits have been practically done twice over by me, *i.e.*, I have reproduced them all myself with lithographic chalk on transfer grained paper, and washed in with colour the auto-lithograph impressions returned to me by the printers, for them to recopy in colour on the stone. Thus the work has been doubly heavy, though I have the satisfaction of feeling that my own special touch, such as it is, has been preserved throughout; for, in a “sketchy” style of work like this, I maintain it is next to impossible for one artist to copy on the stone another artist’s freedom of touch in line-work facsimile.

The personal pleasure that I have experienced in undertaking such a work has been great, especially when I consider the kindness and hospitality of everyone whom I have met connected with the Zetland Hunt—including several of the many sporting farmers, such as George Smurthwaite, of Piercebridge, and the two Heslops, of Staindrop. This has materially assisted me; and I have here to thank again several in particular for going out of their way to help forward the work.

All the portraits have been done from individual sittings, without the aid of the camera, at the homes of members who reside within comparatively easy reach of Darlington, which has enabled me to see each one in his own surroundings. I have thus, also, had an opportunity of selecting more material for the accompanying letterpress.

Fashions, even in hunting dress, keep coming and going like summer and winter. Each person dresses according to his or her taste, or want of taste. If for no other reason, an album of this kind goes towards preserving the dress of the period, with its special peculiarities, though I have, besides, aimed at catching certain individualities and the characteristic seats on horseback peculiar to all.

To use H. M. Spielmann’s words, “No man, generally speaking, is more exacting of accuracy or more impatient of artistic licence than the sportsman, and the slightest concession made to art when art and sport appear to contend is bitterly and contemptuously resented.” The task, then, has been a somewhat difficult one when we consider that no two men even dress alike, and that to bring out fine points of difference I have had to discard at times what little knowledge of art I do possess. One man gets his boots at Bartley’s, another at Peel’s; this one prefers Bedford cords with a yellowish hue, that leathers of a bluish tinge; here you see brown, there biscuit-coloured tops; another party wears a bell-shaped hat, while “So-and-So” sticks to the old Alken “chimney-pot;” Mr — always wears the more modern and less hygienic scarf, Lord — thinks a “dog” collar and simple white stable-tie suits him best (the methods for wearing hunting scarves are legion); Captain — prefers the tails of his cut-away-coat to reach to the tops of his boots so as almost to cover them behind, and another man thinks a frock-coat the only sensible coat to go hunting in; some wear their watches in out-of-the-way places; a few still wear the older-fashioned buckskin bows wherewith to adorn the tops of their boots (one person we know of prefers to use white dress ties for this purpose), while more resort to the garter and buckle—plenty, including Masters of Hounds, wear nothing at all there; waistcoats include all the colours of Joseph’s coat; breeches vary as much in shape as they do in material, &c. &c. Part of what the artist has to think about is included in the following lines quoted to me by Lord Henry Vane-Tempest when at Wynyard Park:—

“The rider’s seat
Was firm and neat,
As rider’s seat should be;
The buckskins white
Were buttoned tight,
And knotted at the knee;
Above the boot, jet-polished,
Was a top of tender stain,
Not brown, nor white,
But mixture light
Of rose-leaves and champagne!”

THE OLD RABY HUNT CLUB.

THE Raby Hunt is now a thing of the past, and most sporting people in the Midlands and elsewhere, who are ignorant of hunting in Yorkshire and Durham, know of it only from an old print, the "Raby Pack" feeding—an engraving much sought after by collectors. One eminent sportsman who possessed a copy of this actually thought the Raby pack was "a trencher-fed lot of hounds." What an insult to the memory of the noble Dukes of Cleveland! Mr Scarth Dixon, the author of those excellent books on the Bramham Moor and York and Ainsty Hunts, has lately been asked to rake up the history of the Old Raby Hunt, and trace it down to modern days; thus it would be out of place on my part to poach on his domain, and go at all into the history of one of the most interesting hunts in England. My task is a very small one, *i.e.*, to speak of the origin of the Old Raby Hunt Club. I may just mention that at the end of last century and up till 1830 William Harry, Earl of Darlington (in 1833 created Duke of Cleveland), of the ancient and gigantic Raby Castle, near Darlington, presided over an enormously large territory, extending, as it did, from the Tyne in the north to Hull in the south. How all this tract of country could be hunted over by one pack, when we take into consideration that there already existed six or seven other hunts, each sharing a portion of the same territory, we are at present a good deal in doubt. Mr Scarth Dixon, when he comes to write his history, will have his work cut out to unravel the mystery, and clearly define the true relationship between the Raby Hunt and these other packs, giving, as well, each of their own respective histories; for we have very few authentic records, though in some instances packs can be traced back to the seventeenth century, such as the Bilsdale, mastered by a Duke of Buckingham in 1670. We know that Lord Darlington had more than one kennel, *i.e.*, he had at a distance from Raby Castle other kennels, where he used to send on the hounds, and hunt for a week or so a certain district, and then change to another, and so on; but how he managed not to interfere with the pre-existing packs remains for Mr Scarth Dixon to inform us. Most of the smaller hunts were trencher-fed. Of this we can be certain, that if there is now room for all the present packs to hunt each their own separate countries without clashing, besides harriers in various parts, in the old days, when the country was so much more open and less populated, there was ample room for the Raby hounds to travel about and hunt where they pleased.

In 1861 Duke Henry of Cleveland, who re-established the pack after his father's death to hunt the stag, so it is said, until the coverts that his father had destroyed were grown up again, gave up keeping hounds, and the other hunts grew in importance. In 1866 the late Mr Christopher Cradock formed a pack, and hunted a portion of the Raby territory, which is now known as the Zetland country—Lord Zetland purchasing his hounds in 1876.

The Old Raby Hunt Club, with its somewhat ambiguous title, originated in 1872, and was established for the purpose of furthering the interests of fox-hunting in Mr Cradock's country; and although that gentleman generously maintained the hounds at his own expense, as the Marquis of Zetland does now, yet the Hunt Club (by its five-guinea entrance fee and five-guinea annual subscription) provided a certain amount towards poultry and covert funds and earth-stopping fees. Thus it must be clearly understood that the Old Raby Hunt Club has no connection whatsoever with the Raby Hunt of old; but it is a Club of comparatively recent origin, and not established on the same basis as was the Tarporley Hunt Club, founded in 1762, which consisted originally of ten, and rapidly increased to twenty members, who arranged to meet twice a-year at Tarporley, in Cheshire, to enjoy a week's hare-hunting in that district in November and March, if I mistake not—the hounds used for the purpose being the property of one of the members, who brought them from a distance; or a pack was hired for the occasion at the expense of the Club, and kennelled at Tarporley, where the members all lived together, hunted, and, in all probability, drank themselves drunk every night.

The Old Raby Hunt Club, on the contrary, was merely founded to back up a generous-minded Master, and in the event of nobody caring to keep the hounds at his own expense, doubtless the Club would come forward, purchase a pack, and subscribe for a Master, and so keep up the connection of fox-hunting in this particular district with the Raby Hunt of days gone by.

The Old Raby Hunt Club.

LIST OF MEMBERS, SEASON 1898-99.

PLATE	AYLMER, MAJOR E. K. G.	PLATE	XIX. MICHELL, CAPTAIN C.
	AYLMER, G. P. V.		MORRITT, R.
XXXI. BACKHOUSE, C. H.		XIV. PEASE, ARTHUR F.	
III. BACKHOUSE, JON. E. (<i>Hon. Sec. and Treas.</i>)		XVIII. PEASE, ERNEST H.	
XLIII. BAKER, J. F. B.		XVI. PEASE, H. GURNEY.	
IV. BARNARD, RIGHT HON. LORD.		XV. PEASE, H. PIKE.	
XI. BOWES-LYON, THE HON. MALCOLM.		XIII. PEASE, JOSEPH A., M.P.	
CASSEL, E.		XVII. PEASE, WILLIAM E.	
XXX. CHAYTOR, SIR W. H. E., BART.		XLVI. RALSTON, W. H.	
CASTLEREAGH, VISCOUNT.		XX. RONALDSHAY, EARL OF.	
XXXIX. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, MAJOR W. G. R.		XXI. ROPER, GEORGE.	
XXIX. COBBETT, W. M.		SCARTH, W. T. (<i>deceased</i>).	
VII. CRADOCK, CAPTAIN M.		XXII. SMITHSON, H. S. C.	
VI. CRADOCK, CAPTAIN S. W. K.		XXIII. STRAKER, HERBERT.	
VIII. CRADOCK, COMMANDER C., R.N.		XLII. SURTEES, H. S. B.	
XXVIII. DALE, J. B.		TOWERS-CLARK, MAJOR J.	
XXXII. DAVIDSON, COLONEL H. E.		XLI. TROTTER, CAPTAIN W. K.	
DUNDAS, THE HON. W. F. J.		XII. VANE, HON. MAJOR W. L.	
XXXIII. DUNDAS, THE HON. T.		X. VANE-TEMPEST, LORD HENRY.	
V. EDEN, SIR WILLIAM, BART.		VANE-TEMPEST, LORD HERBERT.	
XLIV. FENWICKE-CLENNELL, T. C.		XXXVII. WALKER, CAPTAIN GERALD.	
FORBES, WILLIAM.		WHARTON, J. T.	
GILPIN-BROWN, G. T.		XXIV. WHARTON, W. H. A.	
XXXVIII. HAMILTON-RUSSELL, THE HON. G. W.		XLV. WHITWELL, E. R.	
HARTLEY, H. C.		XXXIV. WILSON-FITZGERALD, W. H.	
HAVELOCK, SIR SPENCER, BART.		XXXV. WILSON-TODD, W. H., M.P.	
XXVI. HODGSON, MAJOR G.		XXXVI. WILSON-TODD, CAPTAIN W. P.	
XXV. HUNTER, C. E.		II. WILSON, COLONEL J. G., C.B. (<i>Vice-President</i>).	
IX. LONDONDERRY, MARQUIS OF.		XXVII. WILSON, R. B.	
XL. MALTBY, E. C.		I. ZETLAND, MARQUIS OF (<i>President</i>).	

The following were elected 14th April 1899:—

LXII. COOK, T. R. HAGUE.	LXI. HAVELOCK, ALAN.
FIFE, —.	LXIII. MACKESON, MAJOR W. J.
	SOWERBY, T.

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MARQUIS OF ZETLAND.—PLATE I.

THIS noble Master of his own hounds is too well known, both at home and abroad, as one of Great Britain's most useful ornaments, for us to enlarge upon his career in these pages. He is a statesman, an ex-Viceroy of Ireland, a much respected landlord—the owner of 68,000 acres, and popular with all classes as a kind-hearted, charitable, and courteous gentleman, besides being a true sportsman to the backbone.

For twenty-three years has he reigned over these hounds, taking them over from the late Mr Cradock. The old kennels at Aske, where kennel-lameness damaged the pack, are now abandoned; and he has spent a small fortune in building the new kennels. He has also purchased a handsome draught from the Belvoir, which have entered well this season, and, with their assistance, not only the beauty, but the dash and drive of the future pack will be improved; for how many hunts in this country are indebted to that well-known strain, the beautiful Belvoir, the noblest pack of to-day, though not perhaps a better one for hunting purposes all round than the Pytchley.

Nearly fifty-five years ago, Lawrence Dundas, son of the Honourable John Charles Dundas, was born. He was at school at Worksop part of his time. While at Cambridge University, he hunted with the Fitzwilliam, a hunt which existed prior to 1760, and to be distinguished from Lord Fitzwilliam's Yorkshire pack, established only in 1860. In those days the Fitzwilliam was hunted by George Carter, under the Honourable George L. Fitzwilliam. He joined the Blues in 1866, and during that winter hunted chiefly with Lord Worcester, at Badminton. Afterwards, for several seasons, repeated visits were paid to his friends and brother officers—Captain Douglas Whitmore, of coaching fame, then living at Gumley Hall, and Captain Digby Wingfield, of Foxton Grange, both properties within easy reach of Market Harborough. At those homes congregated all the cream of Leicestershire. Foxton, though quite a small place, has always had one of the very best to hounds within its walls, the present owner, Captain Gordon Mackenzie, R.A., being no exception to the rule, as he is considered quite one of the leading lights of Mr Fernie's country. Here it was, in Captain Wingfield's time, that Lord Zetland, then Mr Lawrence Dundas of the Blues, assisted by the very same steps so often and often used by Major Whyte-Melville, mounted his hunter and enjoyed many a good spin over the best country in the world, that of the Quorn, the Cottesmore, Mr W. W. Tailby (now Mr Fernie's), and the Pytchley.

He succeeded his uncle as the third Earl of Zetland in 1873, and was created a Marquis in 1892. On the 1st May 1876, he purchased Mr Christopher Cradock's hounds; and, with the exception of three seasons during his Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland (1889-92), when Mr Cradock acted field-master, the hunt has ever since seen Lord Zetland at its head, ruling with a rod of beaten gold. In fact, it has been remarked repeatedly that he errs in the opposite direction to that of many Masters of Hounds—he is too kind, too gentlemanly, too forgiving in the field.

In Ireland, both Lord and Lady Zetland won golden opinions by making themselves truly popular. The former enjoyed plenty of hunting and fishing in the intervals of his laborious task, which he left when the Conservative Government came out of office in August 1892. He has been a M.P. (L.) and Mayor of Richmond, Yorks.

The late Lord Zetland was heart and soul in racing, with a Derby and St Leger winner in "Voltigeur," amongst a number of good horses that were trained at Aske, near the old Richmond racecourse. At Aske is to be seen the picture, almost life-size, of "Voltigeur," by Sir Edwin Landseer. This great artist has in this portrait laid himself open to much criticism; in fact, many people have remarked that the tortoiseshell cat at the horse's feet is admirable, but the Derby winner, as he is there, could certainly never have won a flat race at the smallest meeting. At the same time, the critic must remember that the portrait was painted shortly before "Voltigeur" was put down, when he was past the age of twenty.* The sporting specialist must, therefore, turn his eye to the work of Harry Hall, a contemporary of J. F. Herring, who might be included in the first three for doing full justice to a racehorse in training. There are several fine examples of

* The "Druid" refers to this portrait in "Scot and Sebright." It appears "Voltigeur," at the time Landseer took the portrait, was in the Willesden stables. The horse had to wend his way fifteen times to St John's Wood before the artist was satisfied. At first it was suggested by Landseer that the cat should be painted on "Voltigeur's" back, for the cat seated there seemed to furnish an idea at once for his canvas; but the groom demurred, saying that by removing the sheet and placing the cat on the bare back, she would be far too particular to rest on that natural couch!



JON. E. BACKHOUSE.—PLATE III.

THE honorary secretary and treasurer from the very beginning of the Old Raby Hunt Club, as well as having been honorary secretary to the late Mr Cradock's for nine years and six years to Lord Zetland's hounds, succeeding H. G. Bolam, in his time has done much to create a kindly feeling towards sport in Darlington, whose Quaker inhabitants have only of late years cared to countenance hunting, at any rate as a fit pursuit for a pious man or woman. Jonathan Edmund Backhouse, commonly called "Jed," has so lately appeared in *Vanity Fair*, that it would be unwise to try and "go one better" than the immortal "Jehu Junior," and rewrite his history; still, there are a few little items left out which go towards caricaturing "Jed" that might be inserted here. We all know he is a banker; we all know he is a politician of no mean order, and that his father was M.P. for Darlington (Mr Edmund Backhouse was noted for the number of high-class carriage horses he kept while at Middleton Lodge and elsewhere; he was a fine "whip" himself, and could drive a team); we all know he wears an Inverness coat and an eyeglass both in summer and winter; and we all know he married a daughter of a famous Cornishman; but we don't all know that he provides a pound of sugar nearly every day for his various home and stable pets, such as his walked hound puppies, his poodles, his terriers, his whippet, his schipperke, his pocket beagle, and all his other dogs, and his four or five ponies, giving each in his turn his share out of a grocer's blue bag. And, again, we haven't all seen him riding out in his dark blue Brittany cap, wrapt in a long box-cloth covert coat, with an odd-shaped meerschaum pipe in his mouth. "Jed" nearly makes as much preparation for one of these rides as Colonel Thornton of old did for one of his tours in the North. Supposing, we say, two friends are to accompany him, this good-natured man will have a carriage and pair drawn up to drive them and himself to a given spot two miles out of town, where four ponies, followed by a troop of dogs, have been ridden by two grooms to be in readiness against his arrival. "Jed" will be sure to want to complete his apparel in the carriage, or change into another pair of boots; which reminds one of John Leech's picture of the doctor getting into his hunting "togs" in the brougham, or the well-known Quaker who always drove away from home in a closed carriage, where he completed his toilet, to avoid being seen in his red hunting coat. The carriage is pulled up near the ponies, they all mount, and a cockaded groom, clad in a white mackintosh, with his pockets well stuffed with a pair of coverings for "Jed's" legs in case of emergency, rides on ahead to open every gate. In course of time, first one dog and then another of the "pack" goes astray, which causes many delays, until "Jed" and another of the four are left to ride on alone for a bit at a jog-trot. The former knows all the bridle-roads in the county, and a nice round of fifteen or sixteen miles is made, bringing them up to the starting-point, where a groom meets the ponies, and "Jed" and his companions drive back in the same comfortable carriage to Uplands, where he at present resides. He can take a cue at billiards with the average player, and hold his own in a game of pool or pyramids. He loves a good horse and a pony. He is devoted to his family, his dogs, his newspapers, books, and his snuff-box!

He has lately (so we have heard) been immortalised as a *saint*, along with the Bishop of Durham, the Madonna, and other saints, on a church wall in the Darlington district!!

THE RIGHT HON. LORD BARNARD.—PLATE IV.

THE present owner of Raby Castle, Henry De Vere Vane, ninth Baron Barnard, "succeeded to the Barony eight years ago, on the death of his kinsman the fourth Duke of Cleveland and Baron Barnard, when all the Duke's other styles and honours became extinct." He was born on 10th May 1854, at 74 Eaton Place, S.W., the residence of his parents. His father, Sir Henry Morgan Vane, was an intimate friend of the great Lord Brougham, who used his influence, in 1853, to get him appointed First Secretary to the Charity Commissioners, a post which he held until his death in 1886.

Six and a-half years of his life were spent at Eton, where he began near the bottom and ended near the top of the school. Brasenose College, Oxford, got for him a B.A. degree.

Rowing was his chief recreation at school and college, while nowadays he turns his attention chiefly to shooting.

In 1879, after being a student at the Inner Temple and reading in J. S. Dugdale's chambers, he was called to the Bar, and joined the Midland Circuit (holding post of recorder) and Leicester and Northamptonshire Sessions. He was a Northants militiaman for five years. For ten years he held an appointment under the Endowed Schools Act in the Charity Commission (1881-1891), and was five of these years private secretary to

Want of much patience has stood against him in the matter of fishing—a sport he has never indulged in to any extent. He is, however, a very Gladstone (excepting in politics) and quite a professional in the art of felling trees, loves his woods and garden, and is very fond of beautiful women.

In 1886 he married the daughter of Sir William Grey, K.C.S.I., who is as much an ornament to all society as she is charming and philanthropic to everyone in her neighbourhood.

Having travelled a great deal, and visited all the principal cathedrals and picture galleries in Europe, besides being himself devoted to water-colours, and constantly in and out of artists' studios, it is not surprising that Sir William has turned out some good work of his own, which has been exhibited at the Salon, Champs de Mars (Paris), Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Dudley Gallery, and New English Art Club.

He is, besides, an art critic of a somewhat severe order, who is no admirer of ancient and modern sporting art, nor, indeed, of much modern art of any description. He thinks "the Academy dreadful, but not so unpleasant as the Salon in the Champs Elysées, Paris." Rosa Bonheur our critic does not care about, though she is not so bad in his eyes as Landseer; "both," so he says, "are dreadful as *artists*, but some of Landseer's sketches are delightful." His favourite painters are Velasquez ("the Hogarth of Spain" of the seventeenth century, who attempted every branch of painting, and succeeded in each), Titian (second to none as a draughtsman, who, according to many, stands unquestionably at the head of portrait painters of all ages and of all schools), Tintoretto (celebrated for his "Miracle of the Slave," the "Marriage of Cana," and many other works of his which are to be seen at Venice), Claude Lorrain (an Italian painter born in France, whose landscape, transfused as it is by means of aerial effects, caused his work in this branch even to surpass that of Poussin), Camille Corot (a poet and idealist of the French school, who pleased by the seduction of his particular style and strong imagination, and the way he interpreted nature rather than by his technical details), Millet, Turner, and Whistler.

All art, according to our critic, is relative, and he cannot bear photography; but G. Denholm Armour of *Punch*, the leading sporting contributor, who started his art career in Edinburgh, pleases him with those truly clever and artistic bits of line work.

Herkomer has painted him in "pink," and Lady Eden's portrait by the same master also hangs in the dining-room at Windlestone, where may be seen about this spacious house many other fine works of art. Randolph Caldecott's original water-colour drawings of "The Rivals" are there too; but poor Henry Alken is no longer countenanced in this home of higher art.

CAPTAIN SHELDON WILLIAM KEITH CRADOCK.—PLATE VI.

SHELDON WILLIAM KEITH CRADOCK of Hartforth, Richmond, Yorks, was born 1st October 1858; the eldest son of Christopher Cradock, who was one of the best known and most popular Masters of Hounds in the north of England, and died some years back much regretted by all who knew him. Educated at Reading to finish up with, "Shel"—the name he is best known by—became a 5th Dragoon Guardsman, and soldiered in Egypt in 1882, being present at the charge of Kassasin, Tel-el-Kebir, and the subsequent famous ride to Cairo. He was early initiated into sport of all kinds. His first mount was on the noble looking rocking-horse that now rests in peace in the verandah of the old huntsman's cottage at Hartforth; it is forty years since this good old Sartorius-like quadruped came first into the Cradocks' nursery. If no others, it has certainly taught four of the best to stick on over a country, and now is turned out to grass, as it were, without a bridle and with no tail. Still, it has been whispered that more than one of its old masters have been striding across it lately for "auld lang syne."

"Shel" has retired from the army after winning several regimental races. He has also ridden his own horses winners in both the heavy and light weight Zetland point-to-points on "Moonlight" and "Gladiator" respectively.

As to hunting, well, where could a man have a better school than at Hartforth in the old days? Suffice it to say, from a rider's point of view, he knows every inch of the game. In 1896 there were three hundred and fifty-five packs of hounds in Great Britain and Ireland for hunting the stag, fox, and hare, exclusive of sixty-four packs of beagles, and of this number our friend has hunted with forty-three. In India he has shot a tiger and stuck a pig, while red-deer in New Zealand have not been unacquainted with his rifle. Some people have known him to play a quiet game of cards, and he is now enthusiastic

the turf. His courtly figure is equally well known in the shires about Melton, where in early days he spent much of his time hunting, when Lord Castlereagh, from Sysonby and Keythorpe Halls. He also took Cliffe Hall, Piercebridge, for a time, so as to be handy for the Zetland meets. Wynyard Park is situated outside the Zetland country.

He seems to know everyone and everyone knows him. No man can catch a situation better; and no man is a more perfect gentleman to those about him than the Marquis, who is as keen a supporter of agriculture as he is of politics and sport, both in England and Ireland.

This noble mansion has a Grecian front in its tall, massive pillars, topped with Corinthian capitals, and is guarded by two monster bronze dogs. Inside may be seen, amongst its many treasures and finer works of art, the celebrated life-size portrait of a racehorse, "Hambletonian," with his trainer and jockey, by George Stubbs, R.A. Those acquainted with the history of the turf all know of the famous match of "Hambletonian" and "Diamond," somewhere about 1800; but few, comparatively speaking, though they may know the old set of four prints relating to the match, are aware of the existence of this picture, more remarkable for its eccentric size, the sporting attitude of the horse, and correct anatomy, than for any high art value it may possess.*

Lord Londonderry's sanctum is loaded with treasures relating to sport and sporting people; while the walls of the bachelors' bedrooms and landings leading into them are literally covered by the hundred with the works of "Ape" (the late Pellegrine) and "Spy" (Leslie Ward), &c., who, between them, have for thirty years kept *Vanity Fair* before the public.

The shooting at Wynyard this year—some 9000 head of game in six days—speaks of the munificent way in which the Marquis and Marchioness entertain their guests.

Lord Londonderry was Master of the Hurworth foxhounds (1872-75), when Lord Castlereagh. He was M.P. (C.) for Co. Down, Ireland, 1878-84. As a landowner, he has more than 50,000 acres to look after.

LORD HENRY VANE-TEMPEST.—PLATE X.

LORD HENRY, a brother of the Marquis of Londonderry, is well known as a good sportsman and a very hard rider to hounds wherever he goes. He has always been fond of Melton. He owns a private pack of 10 couples of 18 in. pure-bred harriers (entered in H. and B. Stud-book), and calls them the Plas Machynlleth; they hunt foxes and hares in Cardiganshire and Montgomeryshire.

Lord Henry likes a very long frock to his coat. He prefers the saddle to an arm-chair any day; but an accident the day before the sketch was made prevented him from being as comfortable on the former as he was in a chair.

THE HON. MALCOLM BOWES-LYON.—PLATE XI.

"It is to the rivalry of the county families in the three great Ridings of Yorkshire, even in the days when they were up to their very cruppers in politics, that we may be said to owe the foundation of our finest English blood." So spoke "The Druid;" and he again tells us in his work dedicated to the Tattersalls, viz., "Scot and Sebright," published in 1862, "the Streatlam stud is quite the oldest in the North, and well has it held its ground." Before 1795, the tenth Lord Strathmore had quite a small stud at Esher, near Kingston, and owned "Queen Mab," by "Eclipse," from a Tartar mare. Mr J. Bowes, the uncle of the present Lord Strathmore's fifth son, the subject of our sketch, was "going great guns" on the turf in the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties, at Streatlam, where most of his horses were bred, with "a strong collateral dash" of "Queen Mab's" blood through her dark chestnut nephew, "Hermes," by "Mercury," in his paddocks. Possessing as he did then both "Eclipse" and "Highflier" strains, it was not to be wondered at that, under the careful management of old John Scott, of Malton, Mr Bowes was able to pull off four Derbys with "Mundig" (in 1835) and "Cotherstone" (in 1843), both ridden by "Bill" Scott, "Daniel O'Rourke" (in 1852) and "West Australian" (in 1853), steered by F. Butler.

But Streatlam Castle of to-day—a noble-looking house in the midst of its broad acres, harbouring some 450 fallow-deer—is not what it used to be in Mr Bowes' time. It has come back into the possession

* "Hambletonian," although "more of a harness horse" (according to a notable patriarch of the turf, good old Sylvester Reed), out of seventeen starts was only beaten but once, and then he jumped the cords.

JOSEPH ALBERT PEASE, M.P.—PLATE XIII.

BORN in the midst of the hunting season of 1859-60, and christened JOSEPH ALBERT (and not "Jack") PEASE, this very sporting M.P. early became acquainted with the noble science. He hadn't the opportunity of knowing personally what public school life was like, but this did not interfere with his getting a M.A. degree in 1884, and he learnt how to enjoy life at Trinity, Cambridge; was Master of the Drag Hounds 1880-81, as well as hunting with the Fitzwilliam, and playing cricket; afterwards captaining the Durham County Cricket Club for seven years. He kept at this time, from 1882-88, a pack of beagles, which he and his friends rode to, showing some good sport.

In the matter of point-to-point racing "Jack" Pease has achieved much success. The Cleveland Hunt point-to-point saw him a winner in 1891 on his own horse "Catgut;" while he rode his brother Alfred's famous "Nora Creina" first past the flags in 1892 ("Nora Creina" was ridden by Alfred Pease twice in the Senator's Race, and won, in 1891, amongst the best of company, over a truly big country).

Both Sir James Pender and Mr Philipps have to thank him for steering their "Outfit" and "Oliver" winners of the heavy-weights and catch-weights respectively of the Parliamentary point-to-point steeplechases in 1897 and 1898.

Well may the verse of Philpotts Williams, written of his brother Alfred, also be applied to himself:—

"A man who can follow the horn and the hounds,
And ride to the chase with its musical sounds,
Is made of the stuff that the country requires,
And always has points that the country admires.
With other great nations we'll ride for a place,
Still led by the men of the Senator's Race."

An excellent game and rifle shot is "Jack," and he can tell you all about Buluwayo and how to get there.

In public life he was made a M.P. for the Tyneside Division in 1892, and is not an advocate for slavery in British Protectorates; he knows all about iron, and likes to make *employés* at home comfortable and amicably disposed towards one another and their employers. The Mayors of Darlington can include him amongst their number. He is a J.P., C.C., and goodness knows what else, besides being a moderate smoker and a capital host; he says he only takes snuff to make himself sneeze! A man who loves the sport itself, and not for the gambling element, which too often actuates the so-called supporters. He lives at Snow Hall, Gainford, and is the younger son of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, Bart., M.P.

ARTHUR F. PEASE.—PLATE XIV.

THE Peases, whose name is legion in these parts, belong to a very old Yorkshire family. Arthur Francis Pease, born in March 1866, is the son of the late Arthur Pease, M.P., of Hummersknott, Darlington, and great-grandson of Edward Pease, who was so closely associated with George Stephenson and his "No. 1" engine.

Arthur Francis is a gallant fellow, a very giant of the Zetland Hunt, riding as he does some seventeen stone. He was educated at Brighton College, where he became captain of the school in work, as well as being a shining light at football, and an average cricketer. While at Cambridge he was Master of the Trinity Foot Beagles for two seasons. In this capacity he found a good training school for hunting in the future. It has been said that two seasons with harriers make a man, but that three spoil him, which implies that if he hunts a good deal with harriers he will think there is no cause for hurry, and may become a "gate and gap" man. John Jorrocks once remarked, "When I see a man with a thick stick and a short cutty clay pipe, I say to myself, there is a man well mounted for 'arriers." Now Arthur Francis does not bear out this character, nor has he denied himself some good sport with harriers, nor has he sunk into a "gate and gap" sportsman. He is, on the contrary, a true "bruiser," and can ride to foxhounds in the first flight. With the local packs he, too, is best known, though his massive proportions have visited the Midlands, Ireland, and Devonshire to hunt the stag.

In the Zetland point-to-point old "Manacles," who seemed as if he hadn't a leg to stand upon, and his master hold a pretty fair record, for this game old horse ran 4th, 2nd, and 1st, with more than one stone overweight, in three successive years. Lord Henry Vane-Tempest rode second on the last occasion.

ERNEST H. PEASE.—PLATE XVIII.

ERNEST HUBERT PEASE, second son of the late Edwin Lucas Pease of Mowden and Pentre Cascob, County Radnor, was born in the summer of 1871. Repton was his school, and he was first whip to the Trinity Foot Beagles while at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Anxious to know something about farming, he spent two years in Northumberland for that purpose; but he probably knows how to go across a country on his four or five light-weight hunters better than anything else.

He knows the countries of the Morpeth and Percy nearly as well as he does those of the Zetland and other Hunts round Darlington. Polo has seized hold of him, and he has now for his first season joined the others for that game at Catterick Bridge. He keeps his stud along with his eldest brother's horses in their model stable at Mowden.

He is a very neatly dressed young man, who is as proud of his leg as he is of the special shape of his top-hat.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MICHELL.—PLATE XIX.

CAPTAIN MICHELL, born in 1849, is known to a good few as "The Father of Haileybury," *i.e.*, he and his brother, the late A. R. Michell, together with J. M. Batten, were the first boys to come under the care of that institution; and well was he *fêted* when he paid, some two or three years ago, his old school a passing visit. As a Captain in the King's Royal Rifles, he has seen active service in Zululand (1879), where, besides taking a part in several battles, he was present during the capture of Cetewayo at Ulundi. He also served in the Boer rebellion of 1881. He has hunted and shot big game in many parts. The rifle in our friend's charge has no connection whatsoever with the *brush* on the wall! for the Michells of Forcett have always been too well esteemed as keen preservers of foxes, though shooting has been and is their chief sport. The Captain is a great fisherman, so he finds Glassel House, Aberdeen, suits his taste well in this direction. He, too, smokes just a little!

EARL OF RONALDSHAY.—PLATE XX.

EARL OF RONALDSHAY, the eldest son of the Marquis of Zetland, first saw light on the 11th June 1877; was educated at Harrow, under the vigorous, portly Dr Welldon, where, besides being fond of a hurdle and flat race (on foot), he assisted in fighting the battles for his House Eleven and Fifteen. At Cambridge the young Lord more than distinguished himself by carrying off for good the Welter Challenge Cup, having won it on that perfect model of a hunter "Marquis" on three consecutive occasions over the Cottenham course, which, most sporting people know, has anything but an easy line of fences, besides riding "Marquis" a winner there in the Open Steeplechase. On several other occasions besides these Lord Ronaldshay had the opportunity of airing the family racing colours. He was also Master of the Drag, 1896-97.

At the present time travelling and big game shooting seem to be taking up a good deal of his attention, though he does not despise hunting, the shot-gun, and photography—the latter being his special hobby. He serves Her Majesty as Lieutenant in the 1st North Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery, and has just been made a Freemason. He likes an enormous hunting-crop.

GEORGE ROPER.—PLATE XXI.

GEORGE ROPER always has been, and still is, a good all-round man. The name of Gilpin-Brown is familiar to all sporting people throughout the North Country. The late Mr Gilpin-Brown was one of the keenest supporters of hunting in these parts, and it was at his residence, Sedbury Park, that George Roper was born, under the eye of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Gilpin, on the 31st January 1841.

It was only natural that foxhunting should be born and bred in him, so we find in the autumn of 1846 the following entry in his father's diary:—"George, a promising five-year-old colt, was baptised (blooded) at Middleton Lodge with the Duke of Cleveland's hounds." Seven happy years of his life were spent at Sedbury, when his parents moved to Richmond, Yorks. Two years at Leipsic, after being educated at the

It has been said that Melton is the only place where hunting men and women dress well; but the old maxim, "Those who hunt well should dress well," is observed nowadays just as much in the provinces as it is in the shires.

I am indebted to Mr "Billy" Forster, of Darlington, that well-trying sportsman and plucky rider, for allowing me so freely to rummage amongst his large store of facts connected with hunting and racing, past and present, in Yorkshire and Durham, and have thereby added to and corrected what information I have been able to gather for the following paragraphs.

The proprietors of *Vanity Fair* have very kindly permitted me to include two reproductions of theirs, viz., Lord Barnard and Mr "Jed" Backhouse, which portraits I had already done for them.

Messrs John Swain & Son, of 58 Farringdon Street, London, have admirably reproduced by their half-tone process my portraits of the Aske hunters, which are also included amongst the other plates.

To my printers, Messrs George Waterston & Sons, of Edinburgh, I am most grateful for the courteous and obliging way in which they have studied my wants, and for the able manner in which they have reproduced the lithographic drawings, and got up the whole work in such a comparatively short time.

GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL, M.B. Edinburgh.

May 1899.

WILLIAM HENRY ANTHONY WHARTON.—PLATE XXIV.

SKELTON CASTLE, supposed to have been built by Robert, Lord de Brus, must have served formerly as a stronghold of considerable importance. It has, like most other old castles, become more or less modernised; and the moat, which was of great size, has exchanged its stagnant waters for a spacious lawn, with sloping banks, that are dotted over in springtime with primroses and daffodils.

The present "Squire" of Skelton, John Thomas Wharton, also of Gilling Wood (his father and brother were vicars of Gilling), is the son of a daughter of the first Lord Dundas; she died at the age of eighty (the combined ages of father, mother, and three sons—John, William, and James—amount to 407, or an average age of 81 years). He is a J.P. and D.L. for County York, and celebrated his 90th birthday last March. In the castle can be seen a glass case with the inscription upon it, "Head and Brush of a Fox killed by the Cleveland Hounds when I was out, 9th March 1896, my 87th birthday.—J. T. WHARTON." Nearly eighty years before this, the six brothers and sisters, with a favourite black pony, were immortalised by Parker, of Newcastle, in a small water-colour that now hangs in the drawing-room.

Until 1871 the Cleveland was a trencher-fed pack, and for fifty years presided over by the family of Andrew.

At sixty-two years of age "Squire" Wharton became their Master for three years, and kennelled the pack, to be succeeded by Mr A. H. T. Newcomen, and afterwards Mr J. Proud, until 1886.

In the castle we find a few sporting works of art by both old and modern masters. Two large oils by John Wootton, in the hall, are decidedly the best examples of all his work that we have recorded in these pages, viz., "The Meet" and "The Death." In the former picture we may see what a meet at the beginning of last century was like. The landscape is particularly well chosen, showing a dip between two well-wooded hills, with a peep of blue distance. Magnificent are the sky-blue uniforms, all silver-braided, with lappels, and "jockey caps" of the hunt servants. A lady, mounted and clad in a similar fashion, is seen in the middle distance. The Master himself wears a long drab hunting-coat and a belt round his waist, other members of the hunt being in pink. The picture savours of the days of a veritable Diana—Lady Salisbury of Hatfield, who kept a pack of dwarf foxhounds, and dressed her hunt servants in a similar way; while the get-up of the Master reminds us of the celebrated William Draper of Berwick Hall, in the East Riding, Yorks, who "bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of foxhounds in Europe" about this same period.

Two portraits of a bay mare and foal and another hunter by Sartorius hang in the drawing-room, which are quite put in the shade by a large oil by John Charlton of a white and bay hunter, the former an old favourite of "The Squire," whilst the bay horse, with its very natural stand-at-ease position, which is decidedly the best piece of work of the two, is only put in for the sake of composition. The most conspicuous picture in the room is Heywood Hardy's "A Summer's Day in Cleveland," showing the Cleveland pack at exercise in the sea, a work that was exhibited at the Academy, and which has been well noticed in Mr Alfred Pease's "Hunting Reminiscences" as a picture "combining the life and colour of a sporting subject with the poetry of English scenery." The young "Squire," mounted on "The Unknown" (one of whose legs now serves to keep the front door open), with the pack in front of the castle, an earlier work of his, is not so pleasing as a work of art. But let us turn to his portrait of the old "Squire," seated in the garden, with his only granddaughter, Margaret Winsome, and three dogs playing at his feet; the likeness of the old man is an admirable one. This little girl was "entered" or "blooded" by her father with the brush of a cub killed in the castle moat on 21st September 1896.

Turning now to the subject of the Cleveland hounds, before we visit the kennels, let us notice, in the hall, the stuffed heads of two notable stud hounds—"Galopin," a Belvoir-bred hound, by their "Spartan" out of their "Genius" by "Weathergauge," and "Cromwell" by Hurworth "Cromwell" out of Lord Zetland's "Wrathful" by Mr Cradock's "Wanderer"; also the head of "Workman," preserved owing to the abnormal bull-dog appearance of his muzzle, the nasal bones of which, in his puppy days, during their cartilaginous state, had been broken by the bite of an angry mother, into whose kennel he had wandered, and so were displaced and arrested partially in their development. This hound was an excellent worker.

Born early in the hunting season of 1859, William Henry Anthony Wharton was educated at Eton and Magdalene, Cambridge. Foxhunting has always, undoubtedly, been *the* recreation nearest "Willy"

The founders of the Club might be called the following:—

<i>PRESIDENT.</i>		<i>VICE-PRESIDENT.</i>
EARL OF ZETLAND.		CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK, M.F.H.
<i>COMMITTEE.</i>		
BROWN, G. GILPIN.	MICHELL, J., Jun.	SURTEES, H. E.
EDEN, SIR WILLIAM.	SCARTH, W. T.	WILSON-TODD, W. H.
HALL, COLONEL.	SOWERBY, T. C. J.	WILSON, CAPTAIN.
<i>HON. SECRETARY AND TREASURER.</i>		
J. E. BACKHOUSE.		

Besides the above were twenty-four others, thereby making the Club at its outset consist of thirty-six members, of whom many are now laid by, including such well-known men as Messrs George Gilpin Brown, Christopher Cradock, W. T. Scarth, T. C. J. Sowerby, J. B. Fife, and J. Michell—all of whom, with many others, figure in Mr Heywood Hardy's fine picture of the "Zetland Hunt," now hanging at Aske Hall.

Upwards of ninety-five have belonged to the Club at one time or another since 1872, whilst it has at the present time no less than sixty members, of whom quite thirty hunt regularly in the district. Of the thirty-one rules drawn up at this period, few are worthy of special note; for, unlike some that appear amongst the rules and regulations of the Tarporley Hunt Club in days gone by, the rules, &c., of the Old Raby Hunt Club are plain sailing, and of a very conventional type. They have no such rule as the following:—"If any member of this Society should marry, he is to present each member of the Hunt with a pair of stiff-topped, well-stitched buckskin gloves (= breeches)." This rule was altered two years later, and it was ordained that "each member, when he marries, should pay into the hands of the secretary, for the use of each member, the sum of one guinea, to be spent in leather breeches."

The only rule that I need refer to in the original book, which was kindly lent me by a former secretary of the Zetland Hunt, Mr E. C. Maltby, is No. XIV.:—"During the hunting season members may wear in the hunting field a red coat with black velvet collar, flat gilt buttons engraved with fox, and O.R.H.C. below; or black coat with velvet collar and black buttons engraved with fox, and O.R.H.C. below; evening dress to be same, with fox on each side of the collar." Since this rule was passed, a slight alteration has been made with regard to evening dress: gold foxes of uniform shape and size are used as badges, and pinned on collar instead of being embroidered on; and then, again, as every member of the Old Raby Hunt Club is a member of the Marquis of Zetland's Hunt, the O.R.H.C. button has gone out of use in the hunting field, and the letter "Z" engraved on the button instead.

There is at present no function in the way of an annual dinner. Most members dine in the Old Raby Hunt coat when at home. The Committee of Management meet twice at least in the hunting season, and once out, to inspect and audit the accounts and arrange the affairs of the Club; three members may form a quorum. A General Meeting of the Club is held whenever necessary, with fourteen days' notice, the committee fixing the day and place of meeting.

The following are the present office-bearers:—

<i>PRESIDENT.</i>		<i>VICE-PRESIDENT.</i>
THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND.		COLONEL J. G. WILSON, C.B.
<i>COMMITTEE.</i>		
CRADOCK, CAPTAIN S. K.	HUNTER, C. E.	STRAKER, HERBERT.
EDEN, SIR WILLIAM, Bart.	RALSTON, W. H.	WALKER, CAPTAIN GERALD.
GILPIN-BROWN, G. T.	SMITHSON, H. S. C.	WILSON-TODD, W. H., M.P.

A glance at the annual report of the state of the Club's accounts shows at once that over three hundred pounds was handed over to Lord Zetland Covert Fund 1897-98, a balance on the right side, and several thousand pounds invested in some of the safest stock in the market.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE paintings from which these two excellent photographs, by Mr Alfred H. Wood, of Darlington, were taken now hang in the billiard-room at Raby Castle, and by the kind permission of Lord Barnard they have been inserted here.

The above picture, "Earl of Darlington and his Fox-hounds," represents William Harry, Earl of Darlington, and some of the Raby pack, for which Benjamin Marshall was responsible. This artist was born in 1767, had his studios at London and Newmarket, and his time was almost entirely devoted to sporting works, which, at the time, were considered most original, as well as being truly sporting. The engravings from his pictures are now becoming valuable, more so than those after Chalon and other sporting artists of his day. As he more or less succeeded George Stubbs, A.R.A., with whom he was also a contemporary—Stubbs dying in 1806, and Marshall in 1835—it is quite natural that his work bears some similarity to the man whom Sir Walter Gilbey boldly asserts to be the finest animal painter of all time. Be this as it may, Marshall's horses and hounds are most correct, anatomically speaking, and full of spirit and action. His hounds are especially good in this painting, and tell us that bone, at anyrate, was as much thought of for the Raby pack in those days as it is now in the Zetland kennels. No one will dispute that Lord Darlington has nothing in front of him! A little of the chest muscles might with advantage have been added to this rare old horse's quarters, as his fore-end, with those loaded shoulders, is surely out of all proportion to the lightness of his ribs behind. If incorrect, it is unusual with Marshall, for accuracy in anatomy, as we have said above, predominates throughout most of his work.

In the lower one of the two reproductions, "Raby Kennels, 1820," is seen the same man, with some of the hounds and kennels in the distance, by Henry Bernard Chalon, of Dutch parentage—an artist who must not be confused with his namesakes, the brothers Alfred Edward and John James Chalon, of French extraction, both of whom were contemporaries of his. A. E. Chalon achieved greater success in another branch of art, chiefly miniature water-colour portraits on ivory, as well as doing excellent work in oils; he was elected R.A. in 1816. H. B. Chalon then, born in 1770, confined himself to animal painting, and, though not succeeding in adding a handle to his name, became, perhaps, what was more profitable to himself, viz., Court painter to the Prince Regent and William IV., besides working for many of the nobility and landed gentry.

In Yorkshire he made several good paintings, of which the best known is, "Sir Mark Masterman Sykes and his Hounds Breaking Covert;" this painting has been beautifully engraved. The particular picture we have before us is not a good example of his work on the whole. The figure of Lord Darlington is a delightful one, depicting, as it does, a dignified, handsome, and sporting nobleman; but the hounds are not good. If we are to believe that these are good portraits of the hounds, then we must conclude the Raby pack had degenerated all round since the date Marshall painted it. Some of the hounds actually give us the impression that they were a cross between a fox-terrier and a harrier, as they are all indeed light of bone, compared with Marshall's massive hounds, standing, as they do in his picture, at least twenty-five inches, and looking something like the "great calves" of the Pytchley in the days of "Glorious John."* Chalon died after an accident in 1849.

TITLE - PAGE.

ON this page are sketches taken from the life-size portraits of hounds by H. B. Chalon (about 1805) hanging in the front and side halls at Raby Castle; also the Earl of Darlington's hunting cap, one of the Raby Hunt port wine glasses, and the two leaden foxes that now sit on the pillars of the stable entrance, but which once guarded the old kennels. It will be noticed at a glance that these four hounds do not exactly compare with the modern huntsman's idea of what a foxhound should be; they are too "leggy," with heads more like those of greyhounds, and too light of bone for the present fashion.

* It was Chalon, too, who painted the picture of the "Raby Pack" feeding, now in the possession of Mr W. D. Russell of Newton House, Bedale, which was engraved in mezzotint by W. Ward, A.R.A.

Carriage pneumatic-tyres are to be found about Gainford as well as in Hyde Park. "Charlie" never wastes a piece of string, but he is lavish in the entertainment of his guests.

His nose is not as short and broad, comparatively speaking, as the dear, clever little roan pony the Misses Hunter all learnt to ride on so well, and which is now a pensioner left to tell the tale of "From pit-pony to Selaby and the Zetland Hounds."

MAJOR G. HODGSON.—PLATE XXVI.

WHEN this father of the hunt (for he may well be called by that title, being just upon eighty years old) thinks of the number of years since he looked forward to the Christmas holidays, and the prospect of some hunting, he feels very glad, so he lately remarked, to be able now and then to get and see hounds meet when within easy distance. Major Hodgson, who lives at Gainford, has always been a quiet follower of the chase, as his father and other members of the family were before him in the same county. Entered to hounds with the Lambton and Raby packs, he has hunted ever since in this neighbourhood, with the exception of one season, when he shared his luck with the Bramham Moor; so, can tell a few tales of his old acquaintance the late Mr George Lane Fox.

"Dicky" Dealtry was huntsman to the Raby Pack when the Major first began to know how a fox could run. This unfortunate fellow ended his days by riding a donkey in the old mahogany-topped boots of his palmy days with the post-boys from Sedgfield Post-Office to Rushyford to meet the mail coach. These were the days of the Dukes of Cleveland of Raby Castle. A chat with Major Hodgson, who is a real sportsman of the old school, well repays the listener; for he loves to talk about sport, and the words of Mr George Lane Fox aptly describe him:—"If a man is once a real sportsman, and loves hound and horse, he will, when age prevents him from taking an active part, still continue to delight in hearing of the sport that hounds show and which others are enjoying." But our old friend still enjoys some fun. It was only six years ago that he had a serious accident, which nearly cost him his life. This game supporter of the hunt was undaunted, and the next season saw him again in the saddle—and still he hunts. Only last autumn he drove himself twenty-seven miles in an open carriage (the one he is so well known in by everybody) to Windlestone and back.

He, like many others, mourns deeply the loss of his old friend and contemporary, the late Mr W. T. Scarth, who possibly had seen more days' hunting in this neighbourhood than any member of the Old Raby Hunt Club, past or present.

As Chairman of the Bench at Barnard Castle, Major Hodgson is a much respected magistrate.

R. B. WILSON.—PLATE XXVII.

THE eldest son of Colonel J. G. Wilson, C.B., of Cliff Hall, Piercebridge.

J. B. DALE.—PLATE XXVIII.

"JIMMY" DALE, the only son of Sir David Dale, Bart., is a middle-aged dapper, "doggy" little man, whose judgment over a fox-terrier is second to none. One only has to see the fine painting by John Charlton at Carberry Hall, Piercebridge, where he and Mrs Dale reside, to know the class of fox-terrier he himself has bred.

He hunts, he shoots, he plays polo, and is a brilliant billiard and croquet player. He has ridden a winner on his own horse between the flags at Catterick, if we mistake not.

Gardening is one of his great hobbies, and collecting sporting prints of race-horses is another.

He does not at present show the same inclination towards politics as his distinguished father has long since proved beyond doubt.

this artist's work to be seen at Aske, *e.g.*, the picture relating to the famous match between "Flying Dutchman" and "Voltigeur" (13th May 1851), with their respective owners, &c. ; also a portrait of "Vedette," the property of the Earl of Zetland, and winner of the Two Thousand Guineas (1857) and the Doncaster Cup (1857 and 1858); as well as Mr Heywood Hardy's fine painting of the Zetland Hunt. In such a large picture as this, with so many faces appearing in it, the artist could not be expected to secure an exact likeness of each individual, though the portraits of the late Messrs Gilpin-Brown, C. Cradock, and R. Morrit are inimitable; while the figures and particular seats of everyone, as well as some of the portraits of the horses—notably Lord Zetland's and Sir William Eden's—are perfection. The hounds are, unfortunately, too small. As a piece of composition, it is probably the best example of a meet of hounds that has yet been attempted. Hanging also at Aske is a full-length portrait of Thomas, second Earl of Zetland, standing by the side of his white horse, painted by Sir Francis Grant, *P. R.A.*

Lord Zetland has also met with some success on the turf. In 1885 his mare "St Helena" ran second for the Oaks, and won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. "Prism," "Victor Emmanuel," "Warpath," and others have all been well known; while "War-trail" and "Choufleur" won cross-country events in Ireland during the time he was over there.

As a fisherman, he can lay claim to have landed a record salmon, weighing 55 pounds, and 50 inches in length. This fish he killed with a fly in the Stanley Water, on the river Tay, taking only thirty minutes to land the monster, which took place on the 15th October 1895. In 1890 he made a tour in County Donegal, and had some salmon fishing in the river Erne, and enjoyed an exceptionally good morning's fishing on one of the loughs, landing five salmon, as well as one trout, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Deer-stalking in Scotland is also his great delight, and he owns the yacht *Paulina*.

Lord Zetland always wears glasses in the hunting-field, but was too modest to put them on for this portrait!

COLONEL J. G. WILSON, C.B.—PLATE II.

CLIFFE HALL, with its sweetly pretty glen leading down to the river Tees, has been the property of a Wilson since the end of last century. Colonel John Gerald Wilson, C.B.—to be more familiar, "Gerry" Wilson—was born a soldier and a nimrod of a high order. Being one of eight himself, of course cruel fate has given him also eight children, which circumstance, however, he has no reason to regret.

Born on 29th December 1841, and educated at Cheltenham, from which school so many of our best soldiers have sprung, he went on to Sandhurst, whence he got his commission (without buying it) at the age of sixteen. Being early inspired with the love of cricket—he was also a foot-racer, as well as in the XI. at Sandhurst—he still enjoys the game.

Retiring from the army in 1867, on the death of his father, as a captain in the 84th Regiment, after ten years' service, he returned to Cliffe, and turned his attention to volunteering, having been given the command of the 1st North Riding Yorks Volunteers (succeeding Earl of Cathcart), and subsequently the 3rd Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, which he still commands. In 1889 he was appointed Brigadier-General Commanding the West Yorkshire Volunteer Brigade, and was made a C.B. in 1897.

Colonel Wilson loves soldiering better than anything, but takes a great interest in all local matters. He is a J.P. and D.-L. for the county, besides having a fondness for shooting and every kind of sport, including yachting. He has hunted at odd times with several packs in England, Ireland, and Wales. In the Midlands, where he was at once conspicuous for his good horsemanship and great pluck, he spent a short but happy time hunting with the premier packs.

Almost uninterruptedly, then, since the days he bestrode the piebald pony to the present time, Colonel Wilson has pursued the fox in these parts, and no figure is better known here in the hunting field. The incident of his jumping, on "Keystone," the two big gates in and out of the railway beyond Winston Station, west of the Newsham Wood, has impressed itself upon the memory of Champion the huntsman and not a few of the Zetland "field" who saw this bold act. He has been the owner of a good few horses, notably "Yellow Jack," "Keystone," "Elfin," "Certainty," "The Shah," and "Sir Richard," than which six hunters few people should want better.

"Gerry" Wilson combines seat, hands, valour, and discretion as well as any man or woman in England; in fact, he is a living example of all that is best put forth by Whyte-Melville in his "Riding Recollections."

COLONEL HENRY EDWARD DAVIDSON.—PLATE XXXII.

As Colonel of a foot regiment, this member of the old Raby Hunt Club was rather an exception to the rule; for during the time he was in command at the dépôt in Richmond, Colonel Davidson was a keen rider to hounds and kept good "cattle."

Educated at King's College, London, he joined the 100th Royal Canadian Regiment in 1858, and exchanged twenty years afterwards to the 19th, the Yorkshire Regiment.

While Adjutant to the Meath Militia, he enjoyed much sport with all the packs round Dublin.

For five years (1888-93) Colonel Davidson commanded the 19th Regimental District, Richmond, Yorks.

He has now left the district for Gloucestershire, where he still hunts. He has always been well liked and well dressed.

HON. COSPATRICK THOMAS DUNDAS.—PLATE XXXIII.

"TOMMY" DUNDAS—the name everyone knows him best by—is the youngest brother of the Marquis of Zetland.

He was at Cambridge University, where he hunted occasionally with the Drag and other packs. In those days George Le Fleming, from Rydal, Westmorland, mastered the Cambridge Drag—probably one of the best sportsmen that has ever held that post—known at Cambridge as *The Fleming*, and the best undergraduate of his year "between the flags;" he was also known to be the most silent man that ever drove the Drag coach to Newmarket; and Mr Dundas tells the tale how he was never seen to open his mouth to a passenger but once, when he very slowly remarked, on pointing with his whip to a certain grass field off the road, "That is the only *grass* field in Cambridgeshire" (a saying with a good deal of hidden meaning attached to it that can only be appreciated by one who has hunted much round Cambridge). Other sporting contemporaries of his at Cambridge were Lord Carmarthen (the present Duke of Leeds, M.F.H. of the Bedale), F. B. Mildmay, M.P., the Hon. J. Baring (now Lord Revelstoke), who were both Masters of The Drag, and E. Lycett Green (M.F.H. York and Ainsty). For three years he played in the 'Varsity polo match, and was captain of the team his last year.

Mr Thomas Dundas hunts from Ainderby, and enjoys life wherever he goes. He has hunted one season in Cheshire.

In 1892 he married the daughter of the late Hon. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, who was for many years, and up till his death, Master of the Fitzwilliam.

He is a popular person, who dresses as well as he is mounted.

W. H. WILSON-FITZGERALD.—PLATE XXXIV.

THE brothers Wilson, *i.e.*, Colonel Wilson of Cliffe and the subject of our sketch (who, in 1872, assumed by Royal Licence the additional surname and arms of Fitzgerald), were always known as two of the hardest riding men of this district. Mr Wilson-Fitzgerald now resides at Chacombe, near Banbury, where he still hunts.

He is a Barrister of the Inner Temple (1867), a landowner, and is almost as keen after sport as ever he was.

He is fifty-five years of age.

CAPTAIN W. H. WILSON-TODD, M.P.—PLATE XXXV.

CAPTAIN WILSON-TODD of Halnaby Hall and Tranby Park was born in 1828, and belongs to the old Irish family of Wilson, hailing from Co. Wexford. His father and two uncles were soldiers, two of his brothers were soldiers, he was a soldier, and his son was a soldier.

By Royal Licence in 1855 he assumed, on his marriage, the additional surname of Todd.

In 1843 the late Mr John Todd, father of the present Mrs Wilson-Todd, purchased the estate of Halnaby Hall from Sir John Milbanke. At this old Hall Lord Byron spent several weeks of his honeymoon. From an

the Chief Commissioner, Sir Henry Longley, K.C.B. In 1881, he married Lady Catharine Sarah Cecil, daughter of the third Marquis of Exeter. His eldest son, Henry Cecil Vane, is at present at Eton, where he is one of the three "whips" to the College Beagles.

As a very large landowner, a Churchman, a politician, a Freemason, a C.C., a J.P., a bookworm, an antiquary, a genealogist, a collector of pictures and old prints, and a Peer, Lord Barnard has enough to keep his hands full.

He wears the Raby pink in his button-hole when it is in bloom.

SIR WILLIAM EDEN, BARONET.—PLATE V.

SOMEONE, nearly as blind as Isaac himself, when he saw our portrait of Sir William Eden, exclaimed at once, "The figure is the figure of Eden, but the face is the face of Esau," *i.e.*, he implied that the face was too hairy and wicked for this polished, though redoubtable, baronet. Heywood Hardy, in his Zetland Hunt picture, gives us a much better impression of Sir William as he was ten years ago; still, we have here a sketch of one whose get-up is in accordance with his up-to-date predominating hobby—art.

We must go back to 1672 to find the first Baronet created. In 1873, William Eden, the second son, succeeded his father as seventh Baronet—

"A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Just fifty years of age, Sir William Eden is nearly as young and active now as ever he was. Like the oak, whose leaves shoot forth later in the year than those of other trees, Sir William's great qualities were reserved for budding at a later period of life than the time he spent at Eton, where he was a "wet bob," but did not distinguish himself in any way, leaving early to prepare for the army. He changed from being an ensign in the 28th Regiment to become a lieutenant in the 8th Hussars, and ended his military career as Colonel commanding the 2nd V.B. Durham Light Infantry (1889-96). As an all-round man, it would be difficult to pick out in this country one of more versatility than the owner of beautiful Windlestone.

Here, boxing at one time was freely indulged in; and Sir William proved himself to be a worthy pupil of "Bat" Mullens, though he never entered for any public contests. In 1856 the "Four-in-Hand Driving Club" was established, but it was very exclusive and limited; so, on the suggestion of George Goddard, the formation of an overflow society, in 1870, was brought about in "The Coaching Club." Sir William was one of the latter Club's hundred members, as the *bond fide* owner of a coach and four horses.

The Duke of Cleveland sometimes brought his hounds to Windlestone; so "Master Willy" was duly entered with hounds on one of these occasions, at the age of seven, and has hunted ever since that date.

Hunting and steeplechasing while with his regiment in Ireland took up a good deal of his attention. He won the open military steeplechase at Baldoyle in 1871; and on another occasion rode in four regimental 'chases on one day, riding two firsts and two seconds. He also rode a winner at Catterick on "Tom Jones" early in the 'eighties, steering him second at the Tarporley Hunt meeting of the same year. The late Mr "Tom" Sowerby sometimes used to ride for him at Catterick and Sedgefield.

Mr Tailby and many others have seen him going well in Leicestershire; and the "green collars" of Cheshire often had an opportunity of viewing his graceful figure in the saddle over their country.

Twice have the South Durham foxhounds been reigned over by Sir William (1877-80 and 1885-90), Mr "Dick" Ord filling up the interval. As a M.F.H. he never entered heart and soul into kennel-life, and was not a constant visitor to his own kennels at Rushyford. In the field, he had everything turned out well, and always liked a "quick thing" over plenty of nice fly-fences, as he does now, but hates a slow hunting-run; and "woe-betide" his horses, hounds, and other riders if such be the case!

The Windlestone stable—where everything, including the yellow and black carriages, is tip-top—never harboured second-rate hunters; they must be only first-class, or out they go. Amongst some of the large number that have passed through Sir William's hands, we might mention "Hailstorm," "Bellringer," "Bailiff," "Lady Miles," and "Faugh-a-Ballah," as his best. At one time he used to like a point-to-point, and finished second out of twenty-three starters in the first held by the Zetland Hunt.

Big game, such as tiger, bear, rhinoceros, buffalo, and deer have all fallen to his rifle in different parts of the world. One stag which he stalked in Scotland last year, weighing 19 stone, whose antlers had 10 points and 35½ inches spread, and very rough, was the finest that had been got for years in that particular district.

frames, your prints have gone down very much in value," but as a record of past events in the racing and hunting world that is as accurate and artistic as the times could make them, and withal so framed as to take away that semi-public-house appearance that we sometimes associate with an Alken or a Herring. At the same time, we would not recommend this system to be universally adopted, as, after a while, it would be almost impossible, except to those who have made engravings a study, to tell which was a first edition and which was not—a point that, from a collector's point of view, must always be considered.

CAPTAIN GERALD WALKER.—PLATE XXXVII.

A RUGBY boy, and a 15th (King's) Hussar man, who was born in September 1841. He joined the 15th when he was eighteen, going with them to India nine years afterwards.

He has been devoted to hunting, following the chase in Ireland with the Meath and Kildare, as well as in Yorkshire and Durham. All pursuits, such as cricket, football, golf, and cycling, find in him a warm supporter.

Useful people in their district are Captain and Mrs Walker, who enter into everything that is going on. The collection of antique warming-pans at the Hill House, Richmond, is a unique sight!

Mrs Soames, who is well known with the Zetland, is their daughter. She resides now at Welton, in Northamptonshire, and is equally prominent as a keen sportswoman with the Pytchley and other packs.

No man likes his pipe better than Captain Gerald Walker. He is a County as well as a Borough J.P., and a C.C. for Richmond, Yorks.

He thinks his portrait somewhat of a caricature.

THE HON. G. W. HAMILTON-RUSSELL.—PLATE XXXVIII.

A TRUE lover of forestry cannot help admiring the pretty estate of Hardwick, for few places in the county of Durham equal it for the picturesque way in which a former owner had laid it out at the end of last century. Curious to relate, this good man spent so much money over the planting of trees and building its several "Follies," as they are now called, including a domed temple, a magnificent dining-hall all by itself, Roman baths, and a set of old ruins! that he was unable to build a house quite worthy of its surroundings. It is here, then, that Mr G. Hamilton-Russell, the eldest son and heir of Lord Boyne of Brancepeth Castle, now resides. The property belongs to Lord Boyne.

Hamilton-Russell, one of the best of good sportsmen, born January 11, 1864, was educated at Eton, where he ran with the beagles; and Cambridge, where he hunted with the Fitzwilliam and Oakley; but was only seen on rare occasions with the Drag, under the Mastership of John Baring, now Lord Revelstoke. He succeeded Sir William Eden as Master of the South Durham, changing over the pack from Rushyford to where it is at present, the old kennels, in proper repair, behind the Hall, that was once used by the celebrated Ralph Lambton, who hunted the country as far back as 1798, first of all on his own account, and then as Master of the Durham County Hunt up till 1838. (The Hunt was divided, in 1870, into the North and South Durham.) These were the days of sport and five o'clock dinners in the old inn at Sedgefield.

The present Master, who hunts the hounds himself, has devoted much attention to breeding, having a real good kennel huntsman and first whip in "Will" Goodall, a son of the celebrated Frank Goodall, who served his time as huntsman so long and so well with the Queen's Stag-hounds, coming from the Billesdon Hunt under that rare old sportsman, Mr W. W. Tailby. The season 1897-98 was a record one for the South Durham.

A visit to the kennels reveals a very level lot of hounds (thirty-five couples), in which it is easy to see there is some capital system of breeding at work. With a good deal of Belvoir, Broklesby, and Oakley blood in the kennel, it is not difficult to imagine a first-rate pack to be the result. The stud-hound "Harlequin," a prize-winner at Peterborough, by "Belvoir Harlequin" out of "Rally," has left his mark behind; while "Streamer" (whose portrait we give), by "Broklesby Streamer" out of "Tingwell" (with a most intelligent head, great length of neck, and possessed as he is of wonderful bone, his stern unusually high, and colour perfection), is now doing excellent work at the stud. The Master, who frequently hunts with the neighbouring packs, won the Zetland light-weights point-to-point in 1891 on a lovely chestnut mare, "The Nun;" Sir William Eden rode second.

With such good men and true as the Marquis of Londonderry and Richard Ord, the Squire of Sands Hall, as secretary, and others, besides a real sporting lot of farmers to back him up, the task of M.F.H. falls lightly upon his shoulders, and allows him a deal of time to spend in the kennels.

over Polo at Catterick Bridge. Curious to relate he doesn't smoke, though he can enjoy a bottle of good red wine with anyone. "Shel" always uses his white dress ties with which to ornament the tops of his hunting boots, and never wears heel-straps to his spurs—he says they are quite unnecessary. His frock-coat and top-hat are well known at Hurlingham and in Piccadilly.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU CRADOCK.—PLATE VII.

EXACTLY a year later, almost to a day, came MONTAGU CRADOCK into the world. Although not quite *twin* brethren, they have been not incorrectly called *thin* brethren. In hunting dress they are almost identical, as far as the perfection of their get-up is concerned; but "Monty" prefers a *white* waistcoat, and takes credit for having started the fashion, where it does exist over England, thereby holding himself responsible for many a good cold caught by those—his imitators. At school also in Reading, he afterwards joined the Carabineers, with which regiment he served in different parts of the globe, including Afghanistan. Hunting and shooting have been the goal of his ambition from childhood. He has won his share of regimental races, as well as carrying off several Hunt point-to-points, including the Zetland light-weights on "Patchouli."

Both big and small game fell to his rifle and gun while in India; and here he figured as Master of a pack of hounds, besides sticking pigs and playing polo—"Cradock's elbow" being quite a bye-word in those days over there. The Carabineers were never a crack polo regiment. He, too, doesn't smoke, but he is quite a "lady-killer" in the ball-room. He is now killing red deer by the score in New Zealand, where he holds a good appointment, having retired from the service. He can drive a team, and prides himself, like his brother "Shel," in possessing as good a pair of legs for a boot as exists in the four countries—and he is not far wrong.

CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK, COMMANDER R.N.—PLATE VIII.

THE only naval man in the Hunt Club, but a very worthy representative of it in more senses than one. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, "Kit" Cradock, the youngest of three brothers, and now second in command of H.M.S. *Britannia*, first donned his uniform, and since that time has sailed and sought sport in many latitudes; for, in leisure hours, he is best known in the navy as a keen shot and a well-trying polo player. It is said that when a naval man can ride, and has the opportunity, he means going. Few sailors will ride down "Kit" Cradock, when well mounted, over any country, be it in the shires or elsewhere; and, besides this, he has patience and judgment with an animal that wants riding, as well as being possessed of iron nerves and a power of mastering the situation. At present the *Britannia* Beagles have him as their Master. Established in 1878, a scratch pack of two or three couples and two terriers, hunting anything from a badger upwards, they now consist of twenty couple of $15\frac{1}{2}$ inch beagles. Twice a week, through the season, this merry little pack may be seen, followed by a troop of cadets, residents from around, and himself (the only one mounted), in full cry after the Devonshire hare. Occasionally, for distant meets, the beagles are towed by a small steamer up the Dart in their own boat, which, in this case, takes the place of the "Zetland Van." For three seasons has he shown good sport. He has fought for his country, is a Royal yachtsman, an author, and is considered a good fellow by everyone. He enjoys a game of football and cricket, and is yet an able gymnast.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.—PLATE IX.

CHARLES STEWART VANE-TEMPEST STEWART was born in 1852, and succeeded to the title of Marquis of Londonderry in 1884. Years ago, as a very young man, he figured in *Vanity Fair* in his London get-up, and here we have him prepared for the chase. Though his legs are short, his shirt-cuffs long (they were on the occasion of his being sketched), his heart is large, as large as that of any man in Great Britain and Ireland.

On the resignation of Mr "Billy" Williamson in 1841, a former Lord Londonderry came forward, and, to use the words of a local farmer, "kept the tambourine *a rowling*" for the Durham County Foxhounds without any subscriptions—the same Earl who had charged the Cuirassiers at Waterloo.

He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father as sixth Marquis in 1884. Better known, perhaps, as a statesman and an ex-Viceroy of those troublesome times in Ireland between 1886-89, he has held his own with others in the way of hunting and shooting, as well as being a patron of

CAPTAIN W. K. TROTTER.—PLATE XLI.

As far back as 1380 we hear of one Roger Trotter of Byers Green Hall, Co. Durham, and here the Trotters have been to this day.

William Kemp Trotter, the representative of this ancient family, was born in 1868.

Glenalmond made him, as well as many others, know all about a rifle and how to use it. He shot in the team for that school three years at Wimbledon for the Public Schools' Ashburton Shield, and once tried to secure the Spencer Cup for Glenalmond; besides this, he was in the School XI. and XV.

At Sandhurst he got into the XV., and was gazetted to the Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1889. He enjoyed himself to the full in Matabeleland during the 1892 campaign, and is particularly pleased with one of his trophies of war that hangs in his hall on a hat-peg, viz., the skull of the first Matabele shot by the Bechuanaland Police, to which he was attached for six months.

His regiment took out a pack of hounds, which went by the name of the Cape Town Foxhounds, to hunt the jackal. They were Mastered by Colin Maclean, an officer in the Black Watch, and in his absence Trotter did Deputy-Master.

Most wild beasts all over the world have fallen to his rifle, including every kind of African buck. He is now a farmer, and hunts five days a-week, and possesses a good 'chaser in "Withern," winner of several steeplechases, including the Lambton Hunt Cup at Grindon in 1898, and Lady Yarborough's Cup at Brocklesby in 1896. "Creelor," that he is mounted on for this sketch, is a good type of weight-carrying hunter, and came from the Dublin Show. The skeleton has no connection with hunting, but with the Mounted Police in Africa!

He resides at Langton Grange, Gainford.

HENRY SIWARD BALIOL SURTEES.—PLATE XLII.

THE representative of the Redworth branch of the old Durham family of Surtees was born on the 22nd January 1873. He was a "dry bob" at Eton in Arthur James's house. After being five years in the 3rd Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, he joined the 2nd Life Guards in December 1895.

His leave of four months during the winter of 1896-97 was spent in India, where he was the guest, at Christmas, of Sir Pertab Singh, at Jodhpur.

Robert Smith Surtees of Hamsterley, who wrote the inimitable sporting novels, "Sponge's Sporting Tour," "Ask Mamma," etc., was a cousin of the late Henry Edward Surtees, of the 10th Hussars, and M.P. for Hertfordshire, the father of our subject, while the latter may also claim relationship to Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, who wrote the "History of Durham," and whose name is still kept to the fore in the existence of the "Surtees Society," that publishes its records every year.

He has travelled, is keen on sport of all kinds, and will even humble himself, when not in uniform, to set a sparrow-trap. The Grove and its grouse moor, Bishop Auckland, and Redworth Hall, Darlington, are both our friend's property.

He has just been sworn in a J.P.

J. F. B. BAKER.—PLATE XLIII.

ON the death abroad, in 1796, of Mr W. H. Lambton, who started the Lambton Hounds in 1793, Mr George Baker of Elemore Hall, Durham, for a short two years Mastered the pack until Mr Ralph Lambton, the younger brother, took them over about 1798, keeping them in his hands until Mr "Billy" Williamson relieved him in 1838. These were the days of the "Tally-Ho" and Sedgefield Hunt Clubs—the Hardwick Arms Inn being the headquarters of the latter.

Mr George Baker, who appeared to have stood next in importance to the Master, Mr Ralph Lambton, was the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and at Elemore now may be seen the original oil painting by Hancock, that has been so well engraved by W. Giller, of this fine old sportsman on his ancient mare, with a favourite dog by his side (their respective ages being eighty-one, thirty, and eighteen).

The "bow-backit baker," as the Scotchmen called him at Musselburgh, taking him to be a baker by trade,

of the Lyons of Glamis, whose much-talked-of ghost must have pervaded the paddocks of Streatlam, and driven out the terrified stud, for all that is left of the turf glories of those days is a magnificent set of plate and a handsome collection of sporting works, consisting principally of Wooton's and Herring's.

John Wooton, a pupil of John Wyck, died in 1765; and as he was the first to make a name for painting racehorses and prize oxen, we must be gentle in our criticism when we gaze, with a smile, at the large number of his pictures here, and wonder whether such animals *ever existed as he produced on canvas* (*vide* a grey mare at the end of the long gallery, for example, whose legs are almost long enough to stretch from one end of the Derby course to the other without moving).

In "Scot and Sebright" we have a nice little account of the famous Doncaster coachman of "The London and York Highflier," who had thrown aside the reins for an artistic career of so much success. Charles Herring, senior, commenced with signboard painting, and ended his asthmatic days by painting three horse portraits for the Queen. He died at his residence, Meopham Park, near Tonbridge, in 1856. Once he drove to Stevenage and back in one day from Camberwell (75 miles), to paint "The Switcher" and other "steeplechase cracks" for Lord Strathmore. (How much he did of them in the day "The Druid" does not relate! but he was a remarkably rapid worker.) Mr Bowes was a great patron of Herring, and hanging now in the castle may be seen the following works of his:—

1. "Streatlam Stud, 1836." A very large group of mares and foals:—"Oblivion," "Maid of Lune," "Mickleton Maid"—a foal, "Gibside Fairy," "Streatlam Sprite"—a foal, "King of Kelton"—a foal, and "Emma," that lovely golden chestnut mare, the dam of "Cotherstone" and grand-dam of "West Australian."
2. "Cotherstone," Derby winner, 1843.
3. "West Australian," winner of Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St Leger, 1853.
4. "Epsom Derby of 1835," with the winner, "Mundig," in the foreground. A large picture, representing the Derby parade previous to the race—a work that has never yet been reproduced.
5. "Daniel O'Rourke," Derby winner, 1852.
6. "Hetman Platoff," winner of the Northumberland Plate, 1840, with Flatman up.
7. "Epirus."
8. A group of seven small pictures, in one large frame, of "Cotherstone" and six of his most famous ancestors.

Though the above may all have been pretty faithful portraits of the horses in question, they are acknowledged to be stiff in treatment, as most of Herring's works are; but nobody knew better in those days how to preserve the satin-like coats of a thoroughbred in training and his individual points than this great master of the sporting brush. Herring's coaching scenes, excepting perhaps the work of Cooper Henderson, are almost unrivalled for the combination of life, action, colour, and correct detail.

The Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, whom we have depicted with a true military seat, is the only "horsey" one of Lord Strathmore's five sons. Born in April 1874, he lived most part of his life at Glamis Castle (and says he has never yet seen the ghost there!), until he went to Mitchell's house at Eton, and on to Cambridge, where, from Trinity Hall, he hunted with the Cambridgeshire and Fitzwilliam. The Durham Light Infantry, in two years' time, passed him on to the 2nd Life Guards, which he joined in 1895. He is fond of hunting, and is a brother of "Pat" Lyon, who, with Wilberforce, were so well known in the lawn tennis world.

HON. MAJOR WILLIAM LYONEL VANE.—PLATE XII.

HE was born at cub-hunting time in 1859, and educated at Charterhouse and Clare College, Cambridge. At twenty, became a 2nd Lieutenant in the old 68th Light Infantry, now known as the 1st Battalion Durham Light Infantry, since when he has served continuously in the same Battalion in India, Ireland, and England.

He unsuccessfully contested, as a Unionist, the Barnard Castle Division of County Durham in 1895; but as the champion of the Unionists in that division, he hopes to still further bring down the majority, and eventually see himself seated in Parliament.

He is a happy bachelor, who is fond of shooting, hunting, politics, numismatics, acrostics, and music. He is known best with his coat open.

'chaser that was a very good hunter. In Mr Harvey's time, he started to hunt with the South Durham. In 1896 he assisted Major Browne in getting together the Callaly pack of twenty-five couples, which the latter only kept for one season, returning to Mr Clennell those which he had procured for him; the remainder of the pack was put up to auction. It was from Lord Zetland and Mr Forbes that most of the newly established pack came, and at present only consists of ten couples; but these know their work over a very stiff country, consisting of about 25,000 acres of moorland and rough pastures, that are not unknown to wire, adjoining the Percy, the Border, and Morpeth territories.

It cannot be said that the hounds are at all a "sorty," level lot—in fact, they compare pretty much with the Coniston foxhounds of the West Country; still, there are a few good-looking hounds amongst them, notably the bitch "Hebe," by "Hurworth Hannibal" out of "Hurworth Riot." That is a hound of the right sort; she possesses excellent shape, with clean-cut, expressive head and great length of neck, grand shoulders, a trifle light all over, but made for galloping, her fault lying in the carriage of her tail, which is all but completely curled over. After all, especially in a country like the Border, looks go for nothing if a hound hasn't the stamina wherewith to assist him in his business. "I don't care for all their looks," said a Lord Fitzhardinge in the old days; "huntsmen forget to breed hounds for their noses—they're all for looks. Give me the pack that will kill foxes." But the Clennell can scent, run their fox all day, and pull him down in the open, while several of the pack can do this latter single-handed, as the following letter from a farmer shows. We insert it as an interesting witness to this fact:—

LINHOPE, GLANTON, R.S.O.
12th March 1898.

MR CLENNELL,

SIR,—If you lost any hounds on Friday the 11th inst., I thought you might be anxious to know what they did. About half-past eleven o'clock, when I was out on the hill seeing two men who were draining, we heard a foxhound somewhere near to Low Bleakhope; and shortly afterwards we saw the dog making down the Breamish, and the fox about a hundred yards in front of him. We ran for a place about 300 yards lower down the river; and when we got to about fifty yards from them, the dog came up with the fox, and the fox seemingly got the first hold, and seized the dog by the tongue and lower jaw; and, as there were no other hounds there at all, the fox kept its hold until we got to them. He was a good-sized yellow-and-white dog, with a black back. After making inquiries, I hear that your hounds met at Kidland Lee that day, and I thought he might be one of yours.

I remain, &c.

THOMAS ANDERSON.

The gallant fox met his death, in part, by drowning, and this bold hound, "Hebe," returned to her master.

Twice and sometimes three times a-week they hunt; and, as all the hounds are out each day, and have much rough weather and plenty of climbing to contend with, it must not be expected that they carry much flesh; and, again, they are not fed in the same luxurious fashion that many other packs are. Mr Clennell, who is ably assisted by Mr B. Clayhills, his agent, and old "Jack" Dawson as whips, leaves the pack pretty much to itself; he does not believe in "lifting" hounds in *his* country at any rate. The "fields" are not large, averaging, as they do, eight or ten mounted, with a few sporting ones on foot; so that hounds run a good chance of not being hindered in their work, and nearly always give a good day's sport.

E. R. WHITWELL.—PLATE XLV.

EDWARD ROBSON WHITWELL, *alias* "Ted" Whitwell, has completed his fifty-sixth year, but his daring feats on the Alps and in the hunting field have doubtless assisted in making him look an older man than he really is.

He was never at a public school, and went to the London University. At the age of nineteen, with the Hertfordshire, under Lord Dacre, he first learned to ride after hounds, and that he has turned out a typical "bruiser" everyone who hunts round here will agree. There is no harder rider to hounds with the four or five local packs than "Ted Whitwell."

Probably no set of men or women in England make the enormous fences round Crick and Lilbourne look so small as those who hunt regularly with the Pytchley; but our friend, who has visited these parts twice during the last three seasons, is able, so we have heard, to hold his own with the best of them. His hunters, which are usually high-class, *e.g.*, "Grenadier," "Gorgon," and "Galleon," are not considered to be slow at their fences.

As a "stalker"—and he likes to stalk his own deer—the forty-five mounted heads which may be seen at the Friarage, Yarm-on-Tees, tell a tale of his skill in this direction.

In the *Alpine Journal*, published by the Alpine Club, of which he has been a member for over thirty years,

Besides being a most energetic man of business, a J.P. and C.C. for Durham, and a local politician when the occasion arises (he has declined invitations to stand for various constituencies), Arthur Francis Pease has been devoted to forwarding education in his neighbourhood and elsewhere.

Poor old "Pinchinthorpe," who had carried him so well for twelve seasons, suddenly died at the end of last March.

H. PIKE PEASE, M.P.—PLATE XV.

ANOTHER son of the late Mr Arthur Pease is Herbert Pike, the new Unionist member for Darlington, who resides at Undercliffe, Great Ayton, when he is not in town, at 2 Princes' Gardens.

He is just thirty years of age, but is at present not quite so large as his elder brother, though it is whispered a bootmaker has a larger measurement for the top of the former's hunting-boot.

At Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Pike Pease's poor polo ponies played polo, punished well by his weight, as they carried him at "back" on several occasions for the 'Varsity team. The Drag secured him while up there as "whip" for two seasons.

He, like his brother, is a good man to hounds, and has ridden second and fourth in two point-to-points, which, considering his weight, is a good performance.

As a politician, great things are expected of Mr Herbert Pike Pease, for he is an open-hearted, enthusiastic, and clever fellow, of whom his constituents are all proud.

H. GURNEY PEASE.—PLATE XVI.

IN Harold Gurney Pease we have an athletic, hard fellow, and a thorough good sportsman to boot, who was born in the autumn of 1864. Scarborough and King's College, Cambridge, turned him into a Master of Arts.

As a lawn tennis player, he was quite one of the best while at Cambridge, and won many prizes up there, and afterwards in open tournaments. He has now converted the "grasshopper" green coat into that of a master and huntsman of harriers, a sporting little pack of over twenty couples of dwarf foxhounds and harriers. Some old farm buildings at Ayton House, Great Ayton, Yorks, have been converted by the present Master into the neatest kennels imaginable, where everything is more or less up to date. Several of the hounds under a former Master have won prizes at Peterborough. The bitch "Notable" is a model hound. The country over which he hunts lies chiefly within the limits of the Cleveland, in Yorkshire. When the present Master took over the pack in 1896, formerly known as the Hertfordshire, he more appropriately called it the Ayton, and hunts them at his own expense, though he is not above receiving subscriptions. There is very little wire in the country, 40 per cent. of which is pasture.

Mrs Pease, who also rides in green, is as sporting as her husband, and loves their horses and hounds.

All his life, Harold Pease has been fond of a fox-terrier and rabbit-coursing. He has shot a black bear and a leopard. He smokes hard.

WILLIAM EDWIN PEASE.—PLATE XVII.

WILLIAM EDWIN PEASE of Mowden, Darlington, and Pentre Cascob, Co. Radnor, was first handled by his nurse on the 3rd of June 1865. Clifton College made him a fine gymnast, where he became one of the school "Gym. Eight." With beagling and lawn tennis he occupied most of his time up at Cambridge, whipping in to his cousin, A. F. Pease, for two seasons, and acting President of the 'Varsity Lawn Tennis Club. "Will" Pease puts his whole heart into everything he takes up; rides well to hounds, and is a keen, good shot both with gun and rifle; has hunted big game in North Africa, Norway and Sweden, and in the Sinai Peninsula, where he has taken a large number of interesting photographs, which his enterprising self is not above showing through the lantern to a crowded audience; was a young High Sheriff at twenty-two for Co. Radnor.

One of Lord Darlington's hunting-caps, with its three-inch peak (sketched purposely for the title-page), as well as an old red hunting-coat of his, showing a gold embroidered fox on its black collar, are still in existence. (In those days the fox on the collar was worn in the field as well as for evening dress.) Here also hang two more celebrated pictures by "Ben" Marshall, viz., "Muley Moloch" and "Haphazard," both racehorses owned by this Earl. Marshall undoubtedly is seen at his very best in the above two oils. They are not merely stiff portraits of racehorses of the conventional type, but there is something going on in each picture—a story is being told. The drawing of his horses and figures is superb, while the brilliant bay colouring of each horse is realised in a masterly fashion. In the painting of "Haphazard" we notice the jockey, "Billy" Pierse, known as "The Goov'ner," who, according to "The Druid" in "Silk and Scarlet" (1859), was quite a racing Prime Minister with the Duke of Cleveland (William Harry, Earl of Darlington, created Duke of Cleveland in 1833); "he would visit the Duke for a month together at Raby, and dine with him every day. He used, however, to say of him, 'I never forgot auld acquaintance, that I was Billy Pierse; I was useful, or I wouldn't have been theer.'" He won several races for his Grace on "Haphazard," who was found at first to be so bad that he was ordered to be sold for what he could fetch. "Billy's sturdy figure (which knew little diminution of its iron vigour at seventy-four) going up in the pink and black stripes to take him from Sam Wheatley, is hit off to the life in a famous print of the time" (the print in question being taken from this very painting). Billy Pierse was killed by a bottle of pure colchicum sent by the doctor's assistant, a mistake which, when found out, caused Billy to remark simply, "It's hard to die before yen's time." "The Druid" says in "Scott and Sebright," too, that "he was a powerful finisher and judge of pace, especially when he was on 'Haphazard.'" He stood in the first rank, though he did dodge the lads a bit, and knee their elders when he had a chance," in spite of "his whole book reading being confined to the Bible and Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,'" both of which he is supposed to have read thirty times.

Two little paintings of the "Diamond" and "Hambletonian" match are worthy of notice, hanging one on each side of the fireplace in the same room. Turner, the great landscape painter, has immortalised Raby Castle in a fine picture, now at Barningham, we believe; but Lord Barnard possesses an interesting little engraving from the same, showing a meet of the hounds in the foreground: Horses and hounds were not exactly in Turner's line!

We must not leave Raby without mentioning the old port wine glasses, a few of which still remain. They stand fully five inches in height, and are made of thick, almost unbreakable, glass (a not unimportant item in the days of heavy drinking), with "Raby Hunt" and two toast marks engraved upon them. Besides these glasses are two Raby Hunt decanters, the one engraved with a fox, the Earl's coronet, and the letters "D.N." (presumably for Darlington), and the other, holding a magnum, has the letters "R.H." and a fox engraved upon it. These glasses and decanters were often used when the noble Masters of the Raby Pack and the members of their Hunt met at the Castle to dine together; for, although there was in those days no actual Club formed, a select and limited number of gentlemen were made members of the Raby Hunt, and allowed to wear the gold fox on the black collar without paying a subscription. The massive silver gilt racing trophies, somewhat similar to the Streatlam Castle collection, though of less value, adorn one end of the dining-room.

In the picture gallery is a painting of the late Mr W. T. Scarth, who for so very many years was agent for the Raby estates, with his father and grandfather before him holding the same post. They, too, were desperate keen sportsmen.

The stables are very extensive, but, of course, old fashioned. The palatial kennels built by the Earl of Darlington were pulled down some six years ago, and now only an outside wall and a chapel-like *fox-house* remain to speak of their past splendour.

A magnificent herd of red deer wander about the old park.

While we are on the subject of Raby Castle, it might appropriately be mentioned that a part of the Cleveland collection of sporting works is to be seen at Newton House, Bedale, which in olden times was a hunting-box of Lord William Harry of Darlington, and where he also had kennels as well as at Raby Castle. There are here about fifteen oils by H. B. Chalon, Ferneley, Herring, etc.

The "Raby Pack" is the chief work, the original oil by Chalon, that was engraved by Ward, and it has a distinctly high art value (it has been exhibited in several loan exhibitions in London). The oldish man leaning up against the doorpost of the feeding-house is not the Earl, as generally supposed, but Sayer, the huntsman (who, by the by, wears a flat top-hat and not a cap), while Leonard, the feeder, is hard at work with the hounds' dinner. We notice on the right one of the old badger-pied hounds sharing her meal with a black-and-tan terrier, and, on the left, two excellent portraits of well-marked favourites; the dog-in-the-manger expression on the face of the hound feeding and showing his teeth is one of the finest features of the picture.

County Grammar School, Richmond, fitted him for work in the Bank of Messrs Roper & Priestman, where he has been ever since.

No game has passed unnoticed by George Roper. Cricket was his strong point; the Yorkshire Gentlemen's Club had him as one of their original members, and this club he played for regularly during a period of twenty years, once being asked to form one of the late George Parr's All-England Eleven. In 1872 an unfortunate shooting accident caused him to lose his right eye; but in spite of this he can hold his own now with many in a day's shooting, a game of billiards, or at golf. For half a century, then, our friend has hunted, possessing during that long time some useful horses, notably "Ruby," which he bought as a four-year-old, and hunted for twenty seasons—an uncommon record. This horse was referred to in the *Field* as being one of the best known in Lord Zetland's Hunt. Another we might mention was "Leotard," a rare good weight carrier that saw through eight seasons, but eventually met his death in a very unusual manner by stepping on a larch pole, which somehow rose and staked his abdomen behind the girths. The animal was ridden home, ate his "grub" as usual, and at twelve o'clock at night reared up and dropped down dead. It was found that the pole had penetrated the abdomen, and had snapped clean off, leaving twenty inches of it within the body, no trace of which could be seen by outward inspection. This ghastly weapon is still preserved as a singular, though distressing, memento of a real good horse.

As a heavy-weight of over sixteen stone, George Roper at one time required some shaking off, but has just given up the game, though he still takes a deep interest in the Hunt.

He has been a Mayor of Richmond on several occasions, is a staunch Conservative, a Churchman, and a Borough Magistrate.

H. S. C. SMITHSON.—PLATE XXII.

H. S. C. SMITHSON, Esq. of Morriss Grange, near Catterick Bridge.

HERBERT STRAKER.—PLATE XXIII.

CERTAINLY one of the best known members of the Hunt, a younger brother of the Master of the Tynedale (that excellent judge of a hound), is Herbert Straker, an old Harrow boy and graduate of Cambridge, now of Hartforth Grange, which has been converted by this most popular secretary of the Zetland Hunt into an ideal hunting-box and stud-farm.

Here we see, both inside and outside, good taste combined with sporting lore, that reflects most creditably upon our friend and his most charming wife, an only daughter of the late Mr Christopher Cradock—surely there is no more popular lady who hunts in this locality than Mrs Herbert Straker. The Hunt has every reason to be proud of its secretary. Herbert Straker is an able polo-back for the Catterick-Bridge Club, and possesses some of the best weight-carriers hereabouts for that game. He has encircled the globe and shot a tiger, can throw a line against anyone, stalked a good few deer, and done his duty to the Queen by gaining a well-earned majority in the Northumberland Yeomanry Hussars.

He is quite an authority on the breeding of thoroughbreds and pure stock of all kinds. As an owner of that good mare "Boadicea" and others, he has turned out of his paddocks many yearlings, of which "Clipstone" is probably doing most credit to him, though he failed to win the Lincolnshire Handicap this spring, after having been a hot favourite.

He makes the best of hosts, keeps some very long cigars, and is known to be one of the most liberal-minded men in England. He likes a good rough-haired terrier, and is most assiduous in looking after his house pets. As soon as breakfast is finished, he is to be seen clearing out all that remains in the dishes on the side-table into a bowl, with a wooden spoon attached to it for the special purpose, and laying it down for his dogs to eat—lucky animals!

THE NEW KENNELS AT ASKE.—P_{LATE} LII.

ON looking round Lord Zetland's new kennels at Aske, we are struck with the up-to-date appearance of everything to be seen there.

Amongst the fifty-three couples of hounds (the pack is a four-day-a-week one) we may refer to several that at once strike our notice. (Until quite recently there have been no draughts in the Zetland kennels, but they have bred from the Belvoir, Brocklesby, Oakley Fitzwilliam, and other packs.) "Zetland Belvoir," by "Oakley Dancer" out of "Zetland Bertha," a four-season hound, who, but for his shortish neck, is almost perfect; "Zetland Rodney," by "Puckeridge Rockwood," out of "Zetland Madam" (by "Oakley Regulus"), a third-season hound, with perfect neck and shoulders; "Zetland Pirate," by "Grafton Pirate" out of "Zetland Glory" (by Lord Middleton's "Grasper"), is a one-season hound; "Zetland Glory," a seven-season bitch, with a large wen above her near forefoot, has been a rare one for work, but her intelligent head, with that look of age, tells us she will not do much more than a little cub-hunting next season; and "Zetland Pastime," of one season's hunting, who is a daughter of the above—she is a beautiful bitch that does credit to her mother.

Of the recent Belvoir draught, we ask for "Wamba," a great upstanding hound, who has done his first season, and who possesses the richest Belvoir tan-coloured head of the lot; "Factor" and "Deemster" are both typical hounds, who have, during their first season, worked well; "Deemster" is tic-marked, but is a grand hound withal, who can show a perfect model of a head, neck, and shoulders, and enormous bone throughout. Of the bitches, "Dashaway" (by "Belvoir Dancer") and "Fatal" are two of the most noteworthy of this draught. "Dashaway," being a tremendous big hound, hunts with the dog pack, as the Zetland big bitches generally do.

"THE ZETLAND HOUND-VAN."—P_{LATE} LIII.

"P R I N C E."—P_{LATE} LIV.

HE was bred at Aske, by "Morocco" out of Lord Zetland's "Queen of the Vale," and has carried Champion for twelve seasons—a marvellous old horse, with a wonderfully long neck, who has long since grown accustomed to the artist's easel and the "snap-shot" division of the hunting-field.

"M I R T H."—P_{LATE} LV.

A favourite hunter of the Marquis of Zetland.

"M A R Q U I S."—P_{LATE} LVI.

THIS perfect model of a thirteen-stone hunter (held by Varey, stud groom at Aske) was formerly the property of Captain W. P. Wilson Todd, from whom he was bought for Lord Ronaldshay. (*Vide* paragraph on Lord Ronaldshay.)

WINDLESTONE.—P_{LATE} LVII.

The property and residence of Sir William Eden, Bart.

Wharton's heart ; so we find he has a knowledge of most of the packs and their respective countries within reach of Cambridge. He is, though, withal an ardent supporter of cricket, having a ground of his own at Skelton. He was Master of the Hurworth for two seasons (1884-86), and the next season took over the Cleveland, which he has hunted himself ever since. (Harry Pacey, who was first whip to the Hurworth, is his kennel huntsman and first whip.) All the hounds know every note of their Master's voice ; while in the field he rides with judgment, avoiding what is unnecessary (for he is by no means a keen jumping man), and helping his hounds when they are at fault. He can, however, gallop down most people over the moors, every inch of which he knows well. He breeds his own hunters. During the season of 1891-92 the doctor would not allow him to ride ; so he found his fox on foot, and was up at not a few of the "kills" by dint of superior knowledge of the country and fair running powers.

In the kennels nearly everything has been done to improve them. The hounds are all bred there, and are, on the whole, a big boned, heavy pack, many of the hounds standing 25 inches, while some possess plenty of quality, with quite sufficient dash and drive to suit them for the rougher parts of the country.

Of the hounds of five and six seasons' hunting we look first at "Wrestler" by Lord Galway's "Druid"—"Watchful" by Hurworth "Cromwell;" he stands out as the largest hound, with certainly the most lengthy neck and best put on head and shoulders of the pack ; he has, however, his equals in other respects in "Cottager" by "Cromwell"—"Guileless" by "Galopin;" "Spanker" by Milton "Spartan"—"Lofty" by Galway "Lucifer;" and "Rifler" by Galway "Druid," who, though more or less a perfect made hound, stands badly on his feet, which are not of the best. Old "Countess" by "Cromwell," who has now hunted seven seasons, has quite the old Cleveland colour—lemon-pied ; it is wonderful what good feet she has, and how well she stands on her legs, considering the time she has hunted. "Handy," "Hebe," and "Hesper," all of one litter out of Cleveland "Science," are good bitches ; the two first are badger-pied, and go back several generations for their colour.

Two lots of eight and a-half couples of unentered hounds must not be passed over unnoticed ; they are, indeed, a level lot, and can move, too. They promise remarkably well for the coming season. Perhaps "Banker" by Oakley "Bouncer"—"Desperate," and "Comrade" by "Cottager"—"Graceful," and of the bitches "Rakish," "Slippery" by Oakley "Dancer," and "Forfeit" by Belvoir "Falcon" deserve our particular attention. The last bitch is full of quality.

C. E. HUNTER.—PLATE XXV.

HE is always called "Charlie" by his friends. When asked for details concerning his sporting career, etc., he replied that he was a bad hand at writing his own "obituary notice," so we will do our best to write it for him, trusting at the same time that it may be added to considerably as time goes on, and not be required for many a long day.

His cradle commenced to rock in January 1852. He was a fair football player and gymnast while at Cheltenham College, and never in his whole existence could he be called a "book-worm;" but he can play a successful game of croquet.

As a hunting and shooting man he is best known, besides being a keen farmer, the husband of a sporting lady of excellent taste, and the father of three daughters, who can all ride well.

Selaby, the residence of the Hunters, is a palace compared to what it once was in the memory of the older members of the Hunt, from the elegant old French patterned wall-papers, the delightful big billiard-room, and the carefully selected water-colours in the drawing-room, down to the glossy black polled Angus bull in the picturesquely-grouped farm buildings behind the house.

Few packs of hounds in Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, and the Midlands are unacquainted with "Charlie" Hunter ; while he has tried his luck with the Queen's and Mr Garth's, and been over the border to hunt with the Duke's, and has won several point-to-points and a few steeplechases.

For twenty-four years he did some soldiering with the Northumberland Yeomanry Hussars, retiring in 1897 as hon. major.

Mid-Durham and the Hexham Division in 1892 and 1895 respectively saw him defeated, but he is a J.P. and ex-C.C. for Durham.

"Sobiesky" has won a good few races over hurdles for him. He has just taken up polo again, and played in a match for Catterick Bridge last year, thereby showing that forty-seven years are still able to compete with the "young bloods" in the quickest and severest game there is.

“TOM” HARRISON (FIRST WHIP).—PLATE LIX.

“ONE of Nature’s gentlemen,” as a member of the Raby Hunt Club once termed him. “Tom” is courteous, obliging, and respectful to everyone, no matter whom. There is no finer whip in the country; in fact, he is a reg’lar “Tom Moody” of the North, aye, and a far superior man; we only want someone to immortalise our Tom’s good qualities, like the poet of old did in the case of the Shropshire whipper-in, over whose last remains the “View holloa!” was given by so many representatives of the hunt in “pink.”

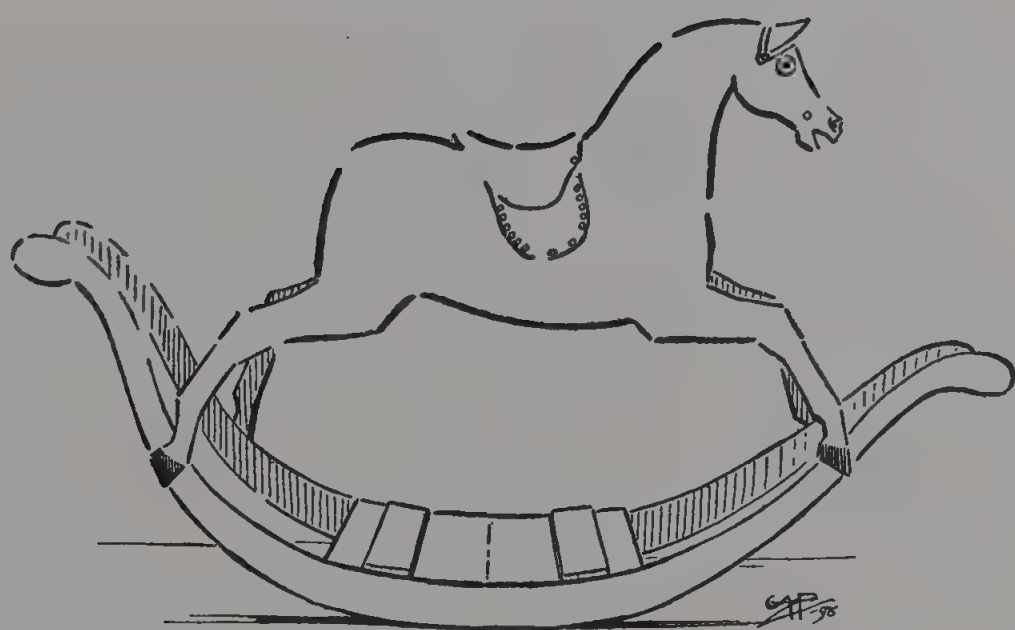
It is on record, in the case of “Bobbie” Dowson, late of the Bilsdale Hunt, that a man may whip in for *sixty-three* years; but Tom’s five-and-fifty years will scarcely allow of that being the case with him, though long may we yet see him to the fore, as active and hard riding as ever.

James Walker is second whip.

“BOB” LANCASTER.—PLATE LX.

“BOB” LANCASTER, who has been a good many years in charge of the George Inn, Piercebridge, is quite a character, apart from his appearance, which is somewhat original and unique in its way. Few people can count as many buttons to their waistcoats as “Bob” can on his! He has travelled many thousands of miles in America with a team of mules, and his yarns on that country are legion. He is well known and much respected by everyone.

[The above two portraits appear only in the *Edition de luxe*.]



A HARTFORTH HUNTER, 40 YEARS.

W. M. COBBETT.—PLATE XXIX.

HERE we have a man who thinks he deserves no distinguishing mark put against his name, William Morgan Cobbett. At anyrate he has assisted the race by being born in 1860. A Kentish body, he has lived for many years at the side of the old Edenbridge Steeplechase Course, over which he and his hunters have figured on more than one occasion.

As agent to the Dowager-Duchess of Northumberland of Stanwick, he resides in the nice old-fashioned Carlton Hall, not far from Piercebridge, and hunts, shoots, plays polo, and is considered by all his friends a cheery good fellow, who never has an unpleasant smile on his face.

Quite recently he married a wife who can ride to hounds nearly as well as himself. Cobbett was at Cambridge, but his bookshelf contains a large amount of learned matter, written by a grandfather, which he himself, so he says, is not deep enough at present to thoroughly enjoy.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY EDWARD CHAYTOR, BART.—PLATE XXX.

SIR WILLIAM CHAYTOR of Witton Castle and Croft, Darlington, is the fourth baronet of his name. He succeeded his father in 1896.

Harrow was his school, and he still remains a bachelor, who is now two-and-thirty. He has 7500 acres of land with which to employ his time, besides possessing a pack of harriers (which he took over in 1898 from Sir Spencer Havelock, Bart.) to hunt the fox and hare in the Wear Valley.

His brother-in-law, Mr W. Allan Havelock, is his huntsman, who devotes himself to these eighteen couples of small foxhounds and harriers, to which seven and a-half couples more have recently been added.

He is a J.P. for Co. Durham and North Riding, Yorks.

He is known best out hunting with his glasses on, but he prefers being immortalised without them.

CHARLES HENRY BACKHOUSE.—PLATE XXXI.

A DARLINGTON man born and bred, and remains one, inasmuch as Charles Henry Backhouse has lately purchased the comfortable little sporting property of Faverdale, formerly owned by that good sporting farmer John Stowell, whose covert has always been a well-known stronghold for foxes. Charles was at Cambridge, and is most energetic about everything he takes up, though he has hitherto been a somewhat changeable bird of passage. He has bred a good Irish terrier, and is a judge of one too. Squash racquets in his excellent covered court, lit up with electric light, gives the gallery-man an opportunity of seeing our friend in his true element; here he will be noticed flitting about like a boy one-third of his weight, until he leaves the court literally bathed in a sea of perspiration.

A very "Jorrocks" of the hunt, possessed of plenty of humour, plenty of "chaff," devoted to the "Pink 'un" and sporting papers, and ever ready with some new story, with which he earnestly hopes to cause his friends no little amusement. "There are some who hunt, but never aspire to be anywhere than at the tail of the hunt, are never expected to be anywhere else, and never despised for being there." Such are the words of a contributor to the *Badminton Magazine*; and such appropriately describe our friend, who is certainly not a "bruiser," nor yet exactly one of "the hard-road-riding division." Be this as it may, "Charlie" Backhouse goes out to enjoy himself, to get exercise, and to see his acquaintances.

He is fond of shooting, and a good friend to the farmers; also a keen supporter of all forms of manly exercise. A collector of sporting books and pictures—a certain chest of drawers in the Faverdale smoking-den can reveal a host of treasures relating to Finch Mason, Alken, and other sporting "cards." Many a very pleasant tour and drive have he and his "pal," "Sam" Tuke Richardson, taken together by way of steamer, tandem, unicorn, four-in-hand, and sledge, during which the latter has found ample opportunity of airing his pencil—*vide* the amusing albums at Faverdale.

The horses of this hunt have here been given lately plenty of scope for showing their skill over strong timber, though it is said Charles Backhouse would not tackle it for an earldom! He is quite an authority on cigarettes.



architectural point of view outside, as well as for its elaborate decorative work within, Halnaby Hall is worthy of much notice.

Captain Wilson-Todd is M.P. for Howdenshire, East Riding, Yorkshire; was in the 39th Regiment, and is a J.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire. He is not a hunting man himself, but is a staunch supporter of the Zetland Hunt, and a most popular person with all classes. The best run that Lord Zetland says he can remember during his Mastership was given the Hunt by a vixen from Halnaby to Aycliffe, the mask of which is sketched in our picture of Lord Zetland on his right, the lower mask of the two.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PIERREPONT WILSON-TODD.—PLATE XXXVI.

BESIDES marrying the sister of that good sportsman Mr James Russell of Blackbraes and Dundas Castle, South Queensferry, in the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire country, "Pierre Todd" has done a good many other things with a sporting and military bearing.

Late a captain in the 4th Hussars, he has been a Master of foxhounds, of the Bedale (1888-96), the same pack that was an offshoot of the Old Raby Hunt, when, owing to failing health, Lord William Harry, of Darlington, gave up that portion of his territory to Mr Mark Milbanke, of Thorpe Perrow, in 1832, and which the Duke of Leeds now masters.

Possessed of light hands and excellent judgment, he has also ridden in his share of 'chases with some success. He has been the happy possessor, from time to time, of some "pearls of great price" in his stable. The best hunter he ever had, as well as many others, came from the well-known and still flourishing John Darby, of Hillmorton, near Rugby, a son and nephew of the famous George and John Darby, respectively, of Rugby. Shortsightedness prevents him from riding as hard as he used to do.

The Leases, Bedale, is his residence, where may be seen probably the largest and most valuable private collection of old sporting prints for many miles around. In fact, "Pierre Todd's" great hobby is "old prints." Let us look at his "Jockeys of the North," and its companion picture, "Jockeys of the South," in the hall; a set of eight Alken's in the most perfect condition, illustrating the Badminton, when the Duke of Beaufort also hunted the Hethrop country before 1835—a set that belonged to an uncle, who subscribed for them years ago while up at Oxford, and which were never opened practically (they were published in book form, as several of Alken's chief sets were—a fact not generally known) until they got into the present owner's hands; and, amongst others, a coloured print of Mrs Thornton riding one of her famous matches—this one on "Vingarillo," against a Mr Flint, on "Thornville," over the York course, in 1800. She won here; but on another occasion was defeated, when her husband, Colonel Thornton, that great authority on sport and author, failing to "dub up" the stakes, was, according to "The Druid," horsewhipped by the winner.

A glance into the drawing-room, which is literally stocked with sporting scenes, reveals four valuable little oils by Sartorius, which, but for the impossible attitude of the horses, are very artistic and full of colour.

Captain Wilson-Todd's *sanctum*, leading down two steps out of the long, low hall, is quite an ideal one from a sporting man's point of view, and, *as a smoking-den*, should not even come under the condemnation of supporters of the New English Art Club, "the discoverers of a *new* art, who have not learnt to understand an old one." There is certainly nothing to be seen here "Corot-like and sweetly idyllic," but everything is in harmony. There isn't a square inch of paper to be seen on the walls; and the hand-coloured prints, whose dark polished oak frames show no white margin, are all very old ones, thus adding mellowness to the general surroundings, that are as comfortable as they are old-fashioned. Look at that richly coloured print, "The Running-rein Derby," over the door, which no one can say is anything but highly decorative, and, near it, "The Grand National," with "Brunette" clearing the wall and Jem Mason bringing up the rear on "Lottery"—an equally fine coloured impression of an engraving after Herring's work; "Lord Derby and his Stag-hounds," a not uncommon print in this locality, is printed in colour, and shows up one of the most sporting old white flea-bitten hunters ever drawn; and lastly, amongst many others, and perhaps the best and most sought-after set of Captain Wilson-Todd's collection, a set of eight, illustrating the 1829 Grand Leicestershire Steeplechase, by H. Alken, a first edition too, in which may be seen, from start to finish, eight or ten of the most talked-about "cracks" of that period, including Dick Christian, in the brown coat, with his hands down and elbows in, Osbaldeston, Captain Ross, and Sir Harry Goodricke, who won the 'chase, finishing at the Billesdon Coplow.

The subject of our sketch looks upon his collection of sporting prints not from the eye of a dealer, who would at once say, "You have cut off all the margins, and although you have stuck the titles on the backs of



MAJOR W. G. R. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.—PLATE XXXIX.

WALTER GEORGE RALEIGH CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, born 18th June 1863, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Raleigh Chichester, is a grandson of General Sir Charles Chichester, 81st Regiment, K.C.T., K.S.F., K.C.I.C., who married a daughter of Sir Thomas Clifford Constable, 2nd Baronet of Tixall, and distinguished himself in the service of the Queen of Spain.

Through his mother, a daughter and co-heir of James Balfe, he inherits the property of Runnamoat, while, quite lately, through his grandmother, the estate of the Constables of Burton-Constable has fallen into his possession. Burton-Constable, where his great-uncle, Sir Thomas Clifford Constable, kept a private pack of staghounds for the benefit of a large circle of friends, is situated nine miles from Hull. A large oil-painting of a meet there of his hounds may be seen at Wycliffe Hall, near Barnard Castle, which property, and Scargill also, he has recently acquired. Sir Thomas Clifford Constable was one of a committee who hunted the Holderness Hounds in the forties. Wycliffe Hall stands prettily at a little distance off the road, over a sunk fence, and, on the further side, commands a charming view both up and down the river Tees. An enormous cedar tree, dating back to about 1750, is one of the chief features of the front of this old Hall.

Educated at Stonyhurst College, he has become a Major in the 3rd Battalion King's (Liverpool) Regiment. He has always been fond of shooting and hunting, and knows the countries of the Roscommon Staghounds and Galway "Blazers" fairly well.

An unfortunate accident to a tendon in one of his thighs interferes largely with him seeing as much sport as he would like. He has lately put up an elaborate Maypole on his property at Ovington, in the place of one set up over seventy years ago—his own little daughter was the last "Queen of the May." Opposite this pole, on the village green, is the "Four Alls' Inn"—a name not so common, in fact, a very rare one, as it is said only about three others exist in the country. The signboard here has just been repainted, and, for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the meaning of this title, we may mention that the four pictures on one long signboard illustrate:—

The Queen governs all.
The Soldier fights for all.
The Parson prays for all.
The Farmer pays for all.

Major Chichester-Constable is a D.-L. for Roscommon, and a J.P. for the East Riding.

E. C. MALTBY.—PLATE XL.

FIFTY-SIX years ago this very hard working secretary to Lord Zetland's Hunt (during 1881 to 1890) was born, and received part of his education at Worksop, where Lord Zetland himself and his brother, Mr John Dundas, also did some of their schooling; he afterwards went on to Rugby for five years, then for a year to University College, Oxford. Another twelve months' cramming got him into the 9th East Norfolk Regiment, with which he served twelve years, going to China and Japan. Leaving the army in 1876, Mr E. C. Maltby came to Croft, where he has been ever since. Here he has passed a more or less uneventful life, though he has studied the racing calendar and has been devoted to hunting.

He succeeded "Jed" Backhouse as honorary secretary to the Zetland Hunt, and became a member of the Old Raby Hunt Club Committee. As a secretary he couldn't be beaten; he was undoubtedly a friend to the farmers in every way. He is fond of telling the tale how he was once called "the biggest blackguard of the 'unt" by a farmer—the only *contretemps* he ever had, and that appeared to have been said in a joke. The late Mr Cradock, however, after hearing of it, always called him by this title.

The late Mr J. B. Fife and he were the greatest friends, and lived next door to one another on Banks Terrace, dining alternately throughout the hunting season at one another's houses. Ill-health, about the time Mr Heywood Hardy was painting the Zetland Hunt picture, caused him to resign his post, and Mr Maltby has not hunted since 1890, though it is said he still keeps a few hunters in exercise.

As a secretary he did most, in fact all, of his work on foot, walking sometimes nearly forty miles a day on his rounds to see the farmers, and attend to their various claims for damage done by the Hunt.

His every-day dress is not unlike that of a bishop.

in consequence of his round shoulders, did a bit of racing as well; and when that epithet was applied to him he, then close on seventy, was riding his famous mare "Jenny Horner" a winner over the Musselburgh course. This gallant old fellow kept a pack of harriers quite late in life, and did a record run with them after a bob-tailed fox from Elemore to Raby, a distance of nearly twenty-two miles.

Henry John Baker Baker (a double "baker" with the "tower" dropped out, for his father was Colonel Tower, marrying the only daughter and heiress of the "bow-backit baker," and by Royal licence took the name of Baker, in addition to one of the names he had been christened already), the father of the present J. F. B. Baker, resided at Hardwick Hall for the hunting. He was a tall, very thin, handsome man, who had been painted on a big black horse; this painting also hangs at Elemore, together with a valuable old oil by G. Garrard (the artist who toured with Colonel T. Thornton and illustrated his "Sporting Tour in the North"), which depicts the huntsman (evidently old James Shelley) holding his Whip's horse "Harlequin," and the Whip unkennelling the pack at Elemore, which picture gives one the impression that it consisted of fat fox-terriers and not foxhounds. Garrard was certainly good at landscape, but not learned in the art of drawing a horse or a hound. The date of the painting, 1797, seems to point clearly to the time between the reigns of Messrs W. H. and Ralph Lambton, when, Mr J. F. B. Baker says, his great-grandfather kept the pack at Elemore.

Now to the subject of our sketch, who at present resides at Rokeby Grove. The late Sir Frank Lockwood once admirably sketched our friend in a railway carriage after they'd each had a glass of "Scotch"—the sketch could not be beaten. J. F. B. Baker was born in 1860, and went to C. C. James's house at Eton, and on to Cambridge. He *did* get his degree, but hunted up there as well. Since, he has fished, shot, hunted, farmed, and done land-agency work for several properties, including the historic home of Rokeby. He hates politics; in fact, he's got none! But he is fond of a young horse, and breeds, buys, and sells them. He rides well, and is a cheery, good fellow all round. He prefers shoes to boots for walking!

T. C. FENWICKE-CLENNELL.—PLATE XLIV.

HARBOTTLE CASTLE is now a desolate ruin. What remains of it is situated on an eminence, in the middle of a valley, commanding a magnificent view all round. From here we may look over one of the finest plantations of noble Scotch firs that is to be seen in the two countries, the East and West Woods, dating back, as they do, over a hundred years.

Once the capital of the Umfravilles—the Lands were given to a Robert Umfraville, in 1075, by the Conqueror—the castle was of great extent, and a powerful fortress, with its massive walls six feet in diameter. William the Lion stormed and took the castle in 1174; but, in 1296, the Scotch, during one of their invasions, were this time disappointed; though they made up for it, a third time, by attacking and demolishing the fortress, after Bannockburn. We, however, hear of its being in comfortable repair as a dwelling-place as far on as the sixteenth century. Well may the Squire of Harbottle be proud when he walks over the ruins at his feet, and thinks that here, on this outlandish spot, the grandmother of James I. of England was born, 7th October 1515. During the time Margaret, Queen of Scotland, was domiciled at Harbottle, this good queen seemed to have had kindred tastes with many of the modern ladies of fashion, "a wonderful love of apparel;" for "she had here twelve gowns of cloth of gold and silks, had got more from Edinburgh, and was going to have several more made."

On the way down from the castle hill to the present home of the Clennells, a comfortable residence of comparatively recent date, we pass through the High Garden, with its ancient yew hedges carefully trimmed and of gigantic size.

Forty-two years ago T. Clennell Fenwicke-Clennell was born; and, when he reached his present dimensions, was christened "Long Tom" by the members of the Zetland Hunt. He was well known in these parts during the time he lived at the Garth and Gilling Lodge, as secretary (for several seasons) to Lord Zetland's Hounds, succeeding Mr Maltby.

The late Mr Fenwicke-Clennell assumed, by Royal licence, the additional name of Clennell upon succeeding to the Harbottle estates of his cousin, Mr Percival Fenwicke-Clennell.

Mr Clennell, for he likes now to be so called, was an oarsman, having won several races, both four-pairs and sculling. He is a carpenter of no mean pretensions, and a J.P. for Northumberland. He has owned a



are the records of his mountaineering feats. He appears to have climbed all the principal heights in Switzerland and the Tyrol, besides being a pioneer in first ascents of five mountains, including Aiguille de Blaitière (Mont Blanc range) and Dent Blanche, from Zermatt, direct up the face of it, instead of the easier and more roundabout way. He would vary the monotony of all this climbing by driving scratch teams along the Riviera and in Italy.

His hobby is roses. Both he and Mrs Whitwell were great rose growers during their stay at Barton Hall, and have secured £160 worth of prizes, besides winning the 60-Guinea Challenge Trophy (once out of twice showing) for roses exhibited at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. (North country roses are, as a rule, too late for the Crystal Palace Show.) They always showed in the largest classes, and were scarcely ever beaten.

He is a great cigar smoker, and even when hounds are running!

W. H. RALSTON.—PLATE XLVI.

MR W. H. RALSTON is the Earl of Strathmore's agent at Streatlam, where he lives on the hill above the Castle, and, like several other members of the Hunt, he is shy at having his past performances put down in black and white. He is an intellectual and well read man, who is as busy over as he is fond of his work.

He shoots and hunts.

WILLIAM ALLAN HAVELOCK.—PLATE LXI.

REGINALD HAGUE COOK.—PLATE LXII.

MAJOR W. J. MACKESON.—PLATE LXIII.

[THE LAST THREE MEMBERS WERE ELECTED IN APRIL 1899.]

RABY CASTLE.—PLATE XLVII.

THIS ancient and enormous Castle, with its gateway and portcullis, its moat and large courtyard, originally guarded by two more portcullises, is, next to Windsor and Alnwick, the finest structure of its particular style in our country. A unique feature of Raby is the fact that, on two massive oak doors being flung open, a carriage and pair can be comfortably driven through the courtyard right into the front hall.

Without referring to the countless objects of still greater interest to be found in the Castle, we will merely touch upon a few sporting treasures that remind us of the Raby Hunt and its noble Masters of bygone days. In the front and side halls are four life-size portraits of foxhounds by H. B. Chalon. The most striking of the four portraits (all of bitches) are the hound on our left as we drive in (a noble looking bitch, with a rider in pink galloping aimlessly in the distance) and the first on our left as we pass up into the side hall (a perfect model of a hound, with exquisite tan markings—a tan as rich in colour as any Belvoir hound of to-day). All of them seem to be of a somewhat trail-hound type (*vide* our title-page sketches).

Before leaving the hall, let us return to the first portrait we mentioned, and, underneath it, mark an old oak chair, richly carved, and covered by the skin of a favourite hunter that, when we hear to whom it belonged, apart from the present appearance of the grey tic-marked hide, tells us the old horse must have been foaled somewhere at the beginning of this century. We may insert appropriately a passage here from "Scott and Sebright" (1862), by "The Druid":—"The Earl of Darlington was long the Nimrod of the North, with his chin sticking out and his cap on one ear. Many of the old hands still speak of him as always having his finger in his ear, or his cap in one hand, and consider that his hunting was conducted on no especial system. 'He was all for riding and four couples of hounds in front, and the rest coming as they could, was the general order of things.' (Not unlike 'Tom' Smith in this respect.) The stud, which was headed by the grey 'Ralph,' whose skin still covers an arm-chair at Raby, was first-rate, and worthy of their Master."*

In the billiard room are the two oils that have been reproduced for the frontispiece of this album.

* "The Druid" is not quite accurate here, as the Duchess of Cleveland in her book on Raby mentions it to be the skin of "Vicar," and not "Ralph."



Chalon's large portrait (dated 1813) of a fat, well-groomed fox tethered to a tree reminds us of the fact that Lord Darlington kennelled foxes as well as hounds.

Two Raby Hunt pictures, probably painted by Ferneley, but not signed, show in the one a lively scene—the leading hounds just upon their beaten fox, with the huntsman and two others jumping uncomfortably near to hounds, Lord Darlington being one himself on a white horse; the huntsman's bay horse has "pecked" badly in some gorse on the landing side; and in the other a kill in the open is seen, the huntsman (here in a cap), with a very long red coat, all open, and displaying a brilliant lemon waistcoat; he is waving the fox on high amongst the eager pack.

Several of the portraits of hunters are excellent, both for their drawing and colour: these include two grand bay-brown weight-carriers, and a chestnut with a side saddle (Lady Augusta Vane's, who married Mr Milbanke of Thorpe Perrow). Another portrait is that of a flea-bitten grey, pied with strawberry and blue-roan over the body. This horse is evidently "Vicar," whose skin covers the old chair at Raby that we have illustrated. This is not signed, but the horse and man holding him both suggest Herring, senior. His general appearance, with "a cock-roached yen" type of neck, his extraordinary pie-bald colour, coupled with the fact of his having on a yellow and blue saddlecloth, would have rendered him a fit mount for a circus jockey. In several of these pictures Raby Castle looms in the distance, and red deer are included on the canvas.

Altogether they, as a whole, form a most interesting link of the past, though, as works of art, the majority do not lay claim to anything out of the common.

THE OLD GATEWAY AND ARM-CHAIR, RABY CASTLE. PLATE XLVIII.

Both referred to in the paragraph on Raby Castle.

DUKE HENRY OF CLEVELAND.—PLATE XLIX.

After the original water-colour by R. Deighton, in the possession of Mr "Billy" Forster, of Darlington.

HARTFORTH, RICHMOND, YORKS.—PLATE L.

THIS picturesque old home, with the remains of a monastery in the ivy-clad archway over the drive, is where the late Mr Cradock lived and kept his hounds. In the park are still to be seen a few examples of one of the oldest shorthorn herds in the country. The "Hartforth Shorthorns" were very celebrated at one time, with their massive broad backs, so different to the modern taste in breeding.

Inside the house, on the staircase leading out of the hall, is the stuffed head of old "Wanderer," a hound that was presented to Mr Cradock years ago by Lord Portsmouth, and which was the first hound entered by Champion, who, with others, considered it to be "the mainstay of the pack."

In the dining-room is an oil by J. Ferneley, a pupil of Ben Marshall, which is, however, only a poor example of that celebrated artist's work. As this was painted in 1859, excuses must be made, for Ferneley was at that time in his seventy-seventh year. The picture is that of a chestnut horse and brown pony. It is interesting to know that Ferneley paid several visits up North, and made some good pictures of Mr Russell of Brancepeth Castle and Ralph Lambton. He was most celebrated for his picture of "Assheton Smith and his Hounds," and other Belvoir and Quorn scenes.

ASKE, RICHMOND, YORKS.—PLATE LI.

THE well-wooded and delightful seat of the Marquis of Zetland. The principal stables here, which are well away from the Hall, are a magnificent pile of buildings, containing nearly fifty horses. The old stables and kennels still remain, though the latter are not used.



T. B. CHAMPION (HUNTSMAN).—PLATE LVIII.

Is it on record, we wonder, that a huntsman and first whip have been together in those capacities for close on thirty years with one pack? T. B. Champion and "Tom" Harrison have—they were together for six years in the late Mr Cradock's reign, and for twenty-three years have they served the present Marquis of Zetland. Aske Hall would not be itself without Champion, Tom, and Varey (the stud-groom there for twenty-two years)—quite a unique coincidence in a hunting establishment, we feel certain.

As a huntsman few can rival Champion; he, without doubt, thoroughly understands the management of hounds in the field, is a bold horseman, and, besides this, has for many years been in the habit of driving a team of four with the hound-van, often twice a-week—the distances sometimes being great to covert, that it has been found advantageous to "van" the hounds to Piercebridge, where "Bob" Lancaster, of the George Inn, has of late years been in the habit of "unvaning" the pack. Strongly constituted, with a figure well adapted to the saddle, an eye as bright and keen as you could wish, a "hard bitten" countenance, often wreathed with smiles, he is turned out on the best of hunters, dressed to perfection, and looking, every inch of him, as smart a huntsman as exists in the three countries. No man is more talked about in hunting circles round here than Champion. Some say he does this, and others say he doesn't do that, but whoever the critics may be, they all end by confessing they know of no better huntsman. Champion has *his* system of hunting, and he finds it answers. In some ways he may be compared to old "Tom" Smith ("The other Tom Smith"), of Hambledon, whom, as a boy, he remembers, when his father was doing kennel-huntsman and first whip to that notable character, and of whom it has been said, "The sort of intuitive knowledge he displays in regard to what is called 'the run of a hunted fox' may be said to border upon instinct." Certainly Champion possesses this *instinct*. "It used to be said, too, that it was not the hounds that found the fox, but Tom Smith who found it for them; he hunted it for them also."

Very early did he become a more or less responsible agent in matters hunting, for eleven years old (forty-four years back) saw him first handling a whip with the Croxteth Harriers, Liverpool, as assistant to the whipper-in under his father, who was at that time hunting harriers.

Champion's father was a game old man, who started with "Tom" Smith of Hambledon (Mr Thomas Smith became Master of the Hambledon in 1825; he also Mastered the Craven and Pytchley, returning for his second Mastership of the Hambledon in 1848). During 1850-52 then Champion, senior, learnt to know this irritable old M.F.H., and would tell the tale how Tom Smith would often "sack" him a dozen times over out hunting, and finish up the day by telling him to come and see him after he had fed the hounds, which meant a glass of *gin*, and to be told that he was to think no more about the "sacking."

After being with Mr Wall of Droxford for one year, the new Master of the Hambledon, he whipped-in to the Cottesmore; was also with the Puckeridge as first whip, and hunted the Croxteth Harriers for eleven seasons; he was huntsman, too, for one season with the Hambledon, but returned to hunting harriers, in Sussex this time, and finally in Dorsetshire.

T. B. Champion became full whipper-in to the Croxteth Harriers at the age of thirteen, second whip at sixteen to the Hambledon foxhounds, and promoted to first whip in three years' time with the same pack, under Lord Poulett. At twenty-three, he was a very young huntsman to the Cambridgeshire, Mastered by Mr S. C. Newton, until that gentleman resigned, when Champion was welcomed at Hartforth to commence his honourable career in this country, first of all under Mr Cradock, in 1870.

He has since had the honour of "blooding" all Lord Zetland's family, including Ladies Southampton and Milton, themselves now the wives of Masters of hounds.

He has been especially lucky in the way of accidents, his only broken bone being a collar-bone, in Mr Cradock's time, and that not done while hunting, but after a day's shooting with the late Mr Gilpin Brown. His pony shot him off in a bog, during his ride home in the dark. This laid him by for three weeks; but with the exception of this, and two or three days off for influenza, he can say he has never been out of the saddle since he came to Yorkshire, although once, during the season of 1871, he rode for three weeks with his left arm in a sling, the result of a bruised shoulder, but he managed his horn well enough in spite of this encumbrance.

In Mrs Champion, the daughter of a former huntsman to the Meath and Hambledon Hounds, William Cox, and niece of George Cox, who was Duke Henry's huntsman at Raby, our huntsman has a most able wife, who has assisted her husband in sending into the world five sons, all of whom are now serving as huntsmen and whips, four being in Ireland at the present time.















GF-99

AN
OLD RABY HUNT CLUB
ALBUM







66-119

































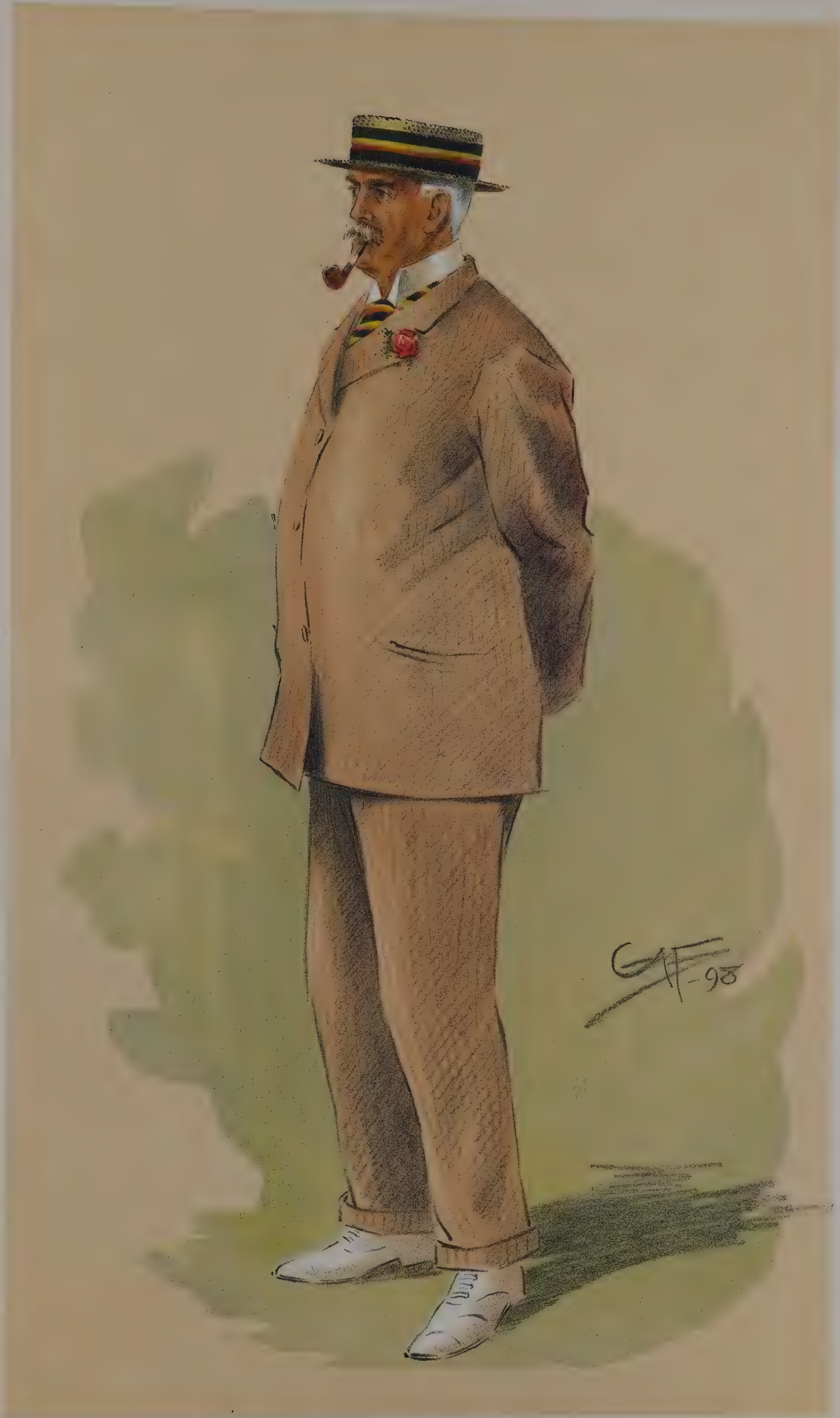














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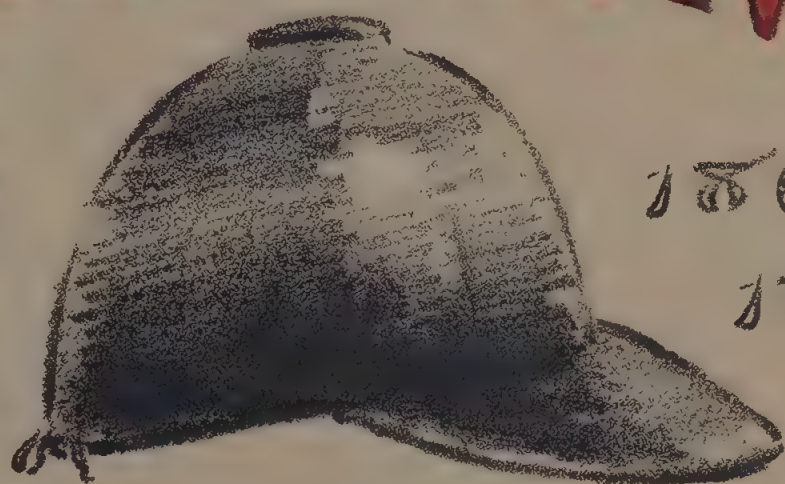


AN



OLD RABY HUNT CLUB

1786
1872



1861
1899

ALBUM.



BY

George A. Pottingill

GA

65-99
AF











RABY CASTLE

SA

Skin of "Vicar" on
old chair at Raby Castle -
(a favourite hunter of WILLIAM HARRY,
Earl of Darlington)



THE KEEP
RABY CASTLE -



AF-99

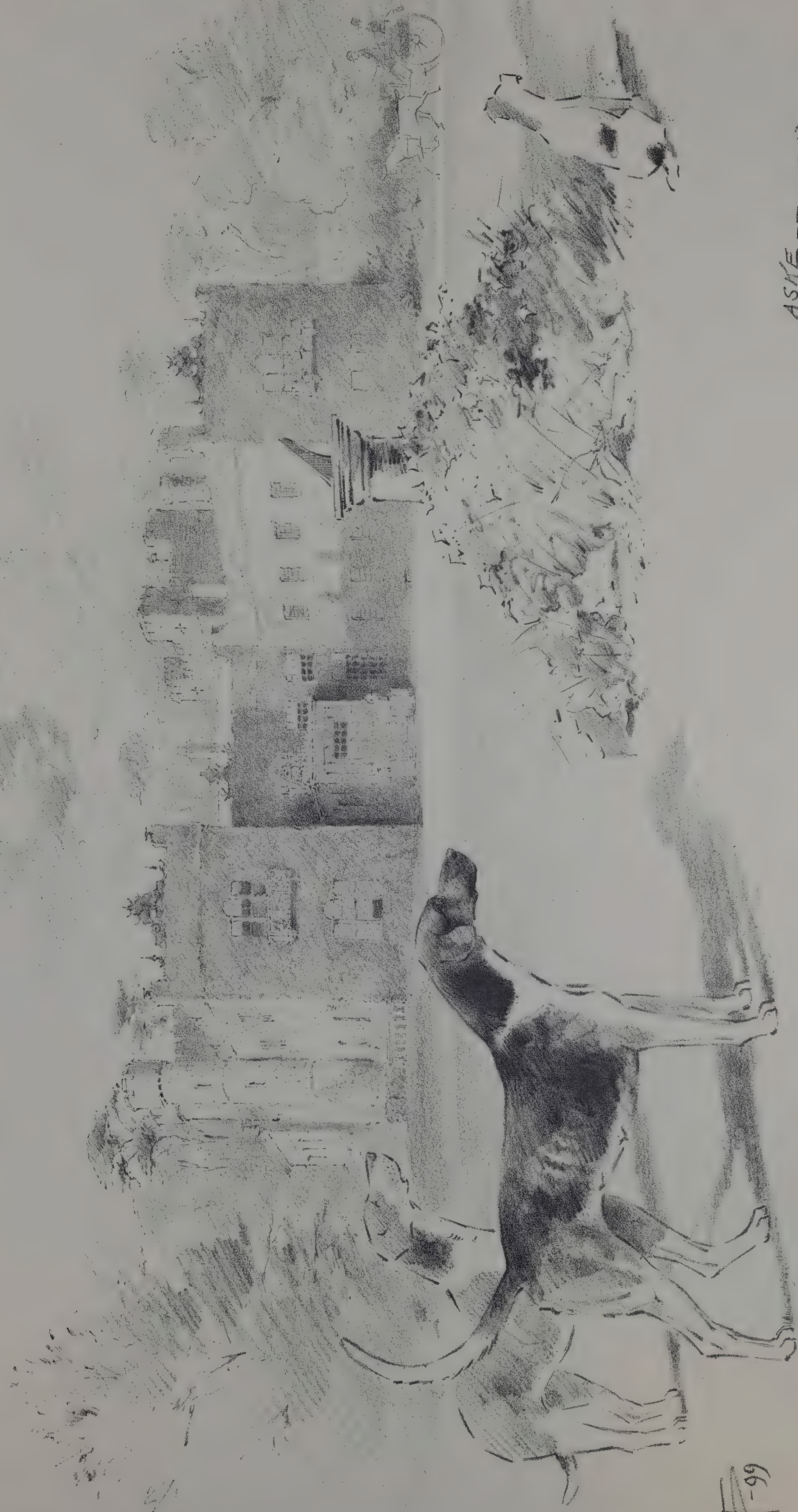
modified from a water colour
by T. DEIGHTON
(about 1845)

Duke Henry of Cleveland (on "Napoleon")
of Raby Castle



CHARTFORD
RICHMOND

Cubhunting in September with
Lord Pitt Rivers' Hounds.
Going to cover.



ASKE - RICHMOND
YORKSHIRE.

" DASHAWAY " -

AF-99



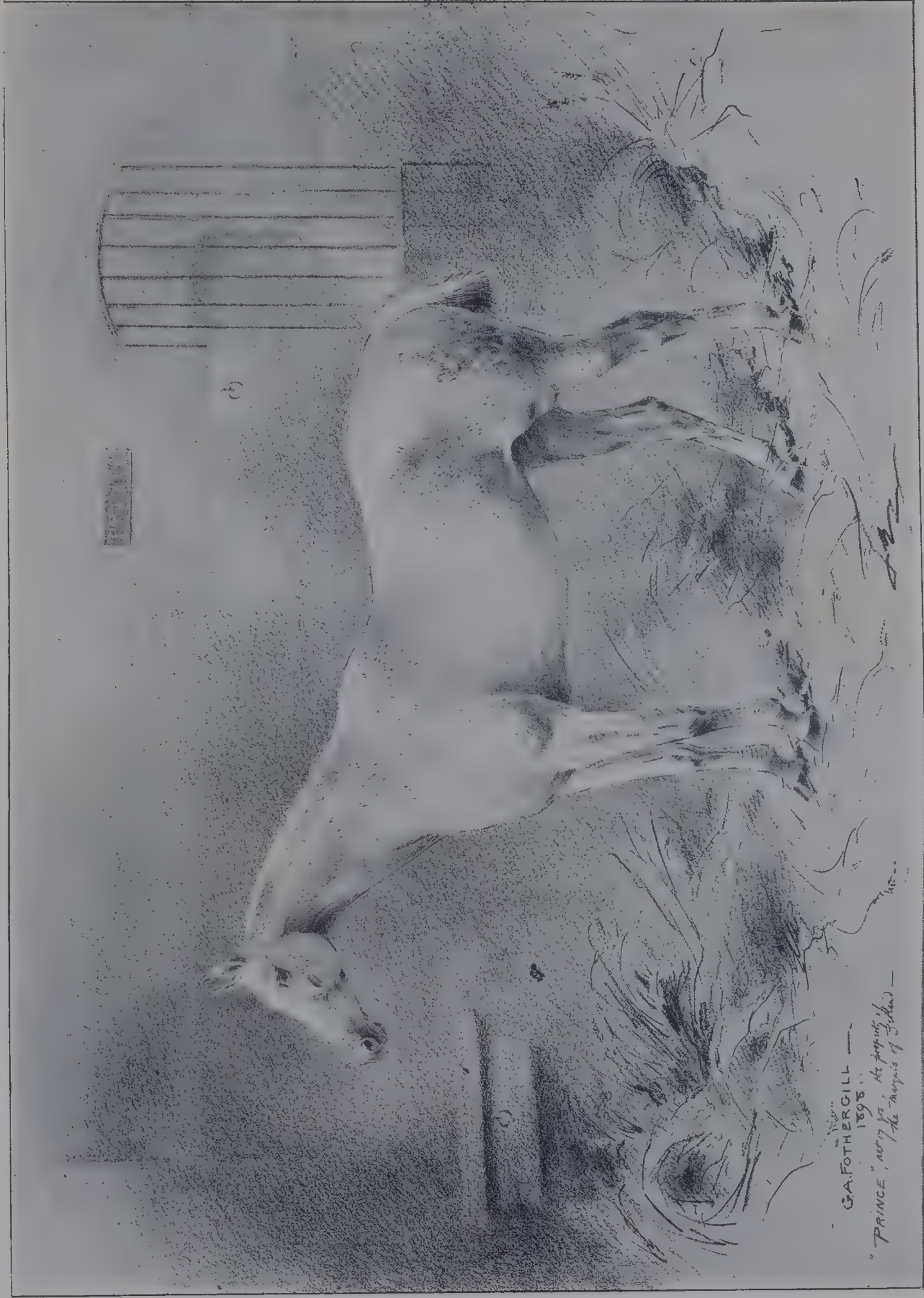
The Kennels -
Lord Zetland's - Ashby Richmond -

C. F. MERRILL -
98

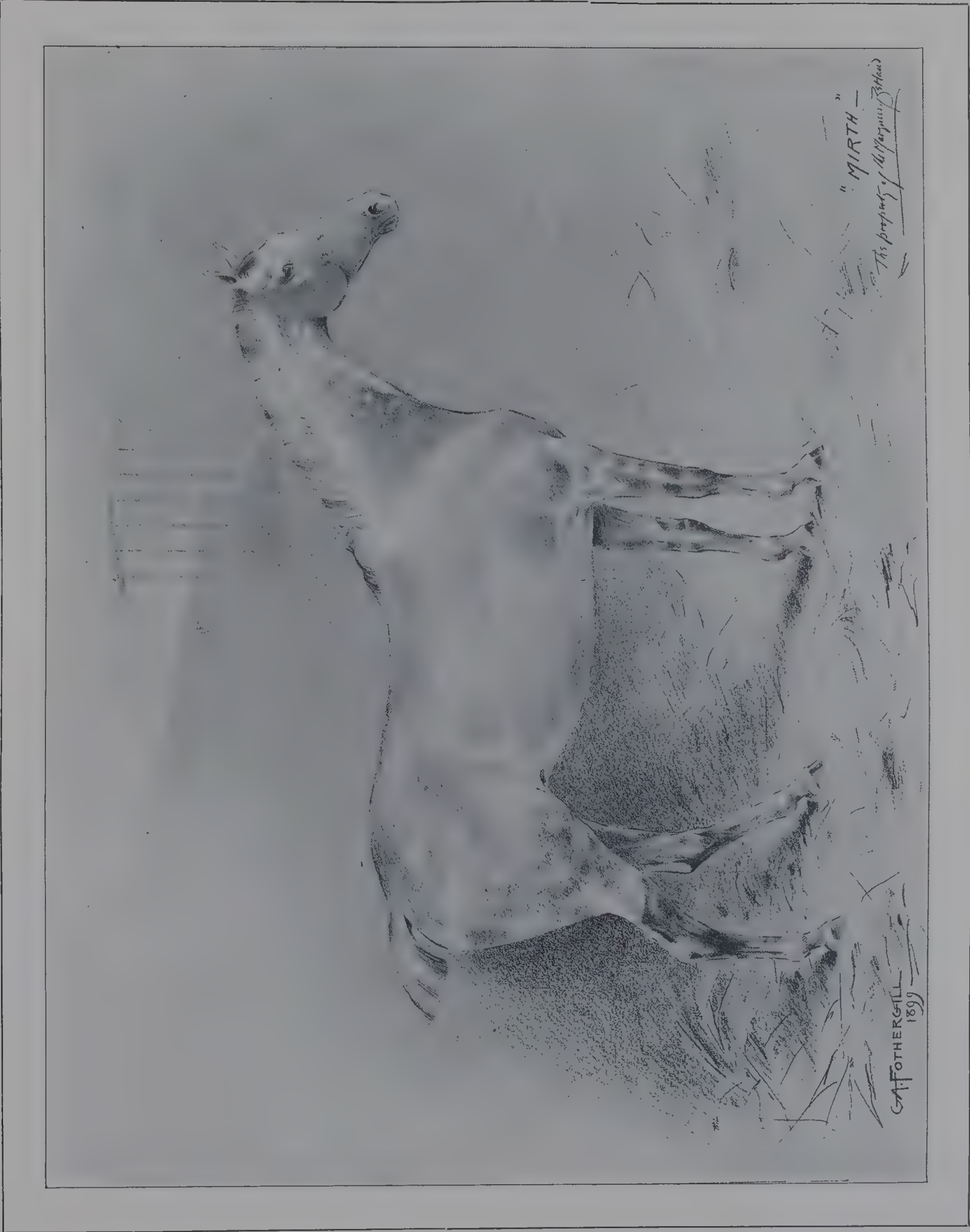
TO
THE MOST HONOURABLE
THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND,
WHO HAS, BY HIS ACTIVE INTEREST IN ALL TRUE ENGLISH SPORTS,
AND WITH THE UTMOST GENEROSITY, DONE EVERYTHING
IN HIS POWER TO MAINTAIN "THE NOBLE SCIENCE"
IN THIS COUNTRY, THESE MEMORANDA
AND DRAWINGS ARE
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION MOST GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



The Zealand Hand Van
The new entry unaccounted for the
ladder at Pierce bridge.



PRINCE
aet 17 years.



"MIRTH." (24 ins. by 18 ins.)



MARQUIS

WINDLESTONE
— DURHAM —

G. OTHERGILL
1898







THE
GEORGE
INN
PIERCE
BRIDGE



G.F. 98

Bob Lancaster



— "PILLAGER" —

CAF
-99



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[PLATES LIX. AND LX. ONLY APPEAR IN THE *EDITION DE LUXE*.]

ERRATA.

Index of Plates, last line, *for* Plates LIX. and LX., *read* Plates LVIII. and LX.

Page 5, third line from bottom, *for* Havelock, Alan, *read* Havelock, W. Allan.

Page 35, last line, *for* [The above two portraits appear only in the *Edition de luxe*],
read [Plates LVIII. and LX. appear only in the *Edition de luxe*].



